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SHE COMES.

BY D. S. F.

I hear her coming! Hear her soft-shod feet
Along the dun dust road their owner bear.
Anon the winding lane will hide my sweet,
But my warm fancy pictures her still there.

I feel her coming! Glancing swallows bring
The news in flights; and each bird will rejoice
With gentle flutter, and prepare to sing
Some strains to suit the music of her voice.

I see her coming! Fairer than before
She seems to me in grace, in every part.
Will her repose some calm to me restore?—
Oh! may my eyes not show her all my heart.

From the Dead Past.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCRUB," "A BITTER CUP," "LOVER AND LORD," "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "A SILVER WEDDING," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"JANE!"

"Yes, Walter!"

Jane Marsden comes from her post in the window where, half hidden by the lace curtain, she has been working hard in the last rays of the September sunshine, and apparently thinking still harder, to judge by her set lips and the slight contraction of her delicate brows. She and Walter Brackenbury are the sole occupants of the Rectory drawing-room, and he has been silent so long in his large easy-chair that she felt sure he had fallen asleep.

"Did you want me?" she asks, standing on the hearthrug and looking anxiously into the worn changed face. Her patient has grown very dear to Jane Marsden in these days of weakness and helpless dependence upon her.

"No." His face brightens in a grateful and affectionate smile. "I saw some one behind the curtain; I have been watching those busy hands for the past half-hour; but, until you moved your head, I thought——"

"You say it was Dolly," Jane says. "Poor Walter, I am sorry to disappoint you, but Dolly is out; she has gone with Con to see——"

Miss Marsden pauses. To allude, as she has been about to do, to Beatrix Massey would be to trench on dangerous ground.

But Brackenbury only notices her first words, and turns his head restlessly on the silk cushion she has just re-arranged with such deft care, and says, with a short troubled sigh—

"She is always out now, is she not?"

"She was always in while you were in any danger, Walter. She only lived in those days, I think, on the doctor's reports. She scarcely took any rest, poor little girl, for she always seemed to think you might want her."

"And I did—I do!" Walter starts up energetically from his pillows and looks at his kind companion with a passion of entreaty in the dark eyes. "I don't want to be ungrateful, I don't want to talk sentimental nonsense, but Dolly is all the world—— I am broken-spirited and very miserable, and I want her now as I never wanted her before! Why does she keep away?"

Jane does not answer—hardly knows what she can say—and stares thoughtfully into the fire, seeking some happy inspiration there; but she is not allowed to stare or be silent long.

"Jane, my dear sister Jane," Brackenbury cries hoarsely, "you have been good to me always! Be good still, and tell me the whole truth."

"I will, so far as I know and understand it—I will indeed!"

"Dolly avoids me, does she not?"

Jane's eyes seek the fire once more. In a very sorrowful tone she says—

"I—am afraid she does."

"And why? Can she not forgive a—— But what can she know? Jane"—leaning forward and laying one thin hand upon her wrist—"tell me exactly all that happened that night."

"Oh, Walter"—in a tone of urgent remonstrance—"it is too horrible! You know the facts, dear."

"Yes—I know the facts; but they have been so broken and softened to me, I have heard them so much bit by bit. Tell me the story as a whole."

"The story as a whole can be very briefly told, though it is so horrible I can hardly bear to think of it." Jane grows very pale as she speaks; but Brackenbury, who listens, has a fever flush on either cheek and an intense shining brightness in his eyes. "That tramp Charlie Clayden took in out of charity was, it seems, a homicidal maniac. Why he chose you and poor Rosalie for his victims no one seems able to guess; but he murdered her, and then cut his own throat."

"And—and died without making any confession?"

"Oh, yes! Rosalie was dead when Charlie broke into the room, and her murderer only survived her a few minutes."

"And they found no papers, nothing to identify him, or—or give a motive for the act?"

Jane looks at the working face with some surprise. That Walter should be agitated is natural enough; but papers—what should put papers in his head?

"On the man, do you mean? No—nothing; and as for motive, I suppose a madman finds none stronger than the desire to kill."

"And—Rosalie? She is buried, I suppose?"

"More than three weeks ago. You forget how long you have been ill," Jane answers, with just a touch of coldness in her tone. The one word "Rosalie," the curious pitying tenderness with which he dwells upon it, hardens her against him, for it reminds her of her little sister's pain.

"Yes—I forget!" He passes his hand wearily across his forehead. "Have patience with my weakness, Jennie; I shall ask only one question more. Where and how was I found?"

"Trix and Charlie Clayden found you just outside the verandah steps at the Nest, stunned with a terrible wound at the back of your head."

"I remember now—that is, I remember the stunning force of the blow and the thousand lights that flashed before me as I fell," Walter cries. "I had just stepped out into the garden, thinking I heard a noise, while Rosalie——"

He breaks off suddenly, as he turns, at a quick cry from Jane, to see Dolly standing a few yards off—standing like a statue of grief, with a pale face and a look of tragic pain in her large eyes.

"Dolly!" In sheer delight at seeing her again, he rises to his feet and holds out both hands with an eager gesture of welcome and entreaty; but she does not go to him. She stands in that statue like attitude till Jane, breaking the painful silence with a nervous cough, says very much at random—

"You are back early, dear. Did you find poor Trix at home?"

"No"—Dolly's pretty, clear voice has a cruelly sharp ring—"we found her and Maggie at Rosalie's grave. I—I wanted to come back when the girl told us where they had gone. But Con insisted that we should join them, and so I went."

"And when you were there, Dolly?"

It is Walter Brackenbury who speaks, and at the sound of his voice, perhaps at the suggestion of pained reproach in its tones, the girl colors with something of defiant pride.

"When I was there," she cries, in a breathless tone, "I felt as we all feel, I suppose, when we stand beside the dead—what small and wicked things anger and pride and—and jealousy are! I told myself that I had been hard and wickedly suspicious, because there were things I did not understand. I knelt and prayed for forgiveness; it seemed so easy then to forgive, and then it seemed more than possible that I had wronged the dead and—and the living too! I left Con and Maggie with poor Trix, and I came back here, to beg pardon for my suspicions, to—Jane. Do not hold me—let me go!"

The girl's ever-increasing agitation culminates in a burst of hysterical sobs. She makes a sudden rush for the doorway and passes through it, but Jane follows as swiftly and holds her fast.

"Dolly," the latter cries, with strange sternness and solemnity, "go back and let Walter tell you all. Remember my story, my ruined happiness—remember your own prayer by that poor murdered woman's grave. If there is anything to forgive—forgive it once for all; but if, as I honestly believe, you find your lover has been blameless all through, beg his pardon on your knees. As I said once before, let no misunderstanding part you at least."

For a moment Dolly seems to hesitate, then throws her arms about her sister's neck and kisses her, and very slowly and deliberately goes back into the room, as Jane turns to the other side of the corridor—goes straight up to the tall dark figure that is supporting itself wearily by the back of the tall chair, and says, with wistful gentleness—

"Forgive me, Walter; I will try—I will, indeed—not to think anything strange—to trust you entirely, to let things be just as they were!"

"My generous dear little girl!" He holds her tightly to him and kisses the sweet flushed face with a fond pride that repays the girl for all that speech has cost her, then goes on sadly. "But things cannot be just as they were before, Dolly; they never are! Sit down there"—drawing a lower seat up beside him, as he sinks back into his chair—"sit where I can see your face, and let me tell you all."

The girl takes the seat at once, but shrinks from the proffered explanation.

"Oh, no, dear!" she protests eagerly. "I am to trust you altogether—that shall be my penance, Walter."

"Your penance shall be to be share my burden, Dolly. I have longed so often to have you for a little while alone, to tell you the story I can tell to no one else—the story that linked Rosalie's life with mine!"

"Linked your life with poor Rosalie Hurst's?"

Despite her promise—her real faith, there is a thrill of pain in Dolly's soft voice, a slight quiver of her sensitive lips.

"Not with Rosalie Hurst's—the name has no association for me—but the woman herself. Oh, Dolly, I can hardly tell you the shame and pain it was to meet her and seem a stranger, and yet remember!"

"Why did you seem a stranger? You said it was her wish; but you were free to avoid her, at any rate?"

"I was—and I did. I kept away from her until—until I knew, or rather guessed, the fearful danger that threatened her. What could I do but try to warn her then? Such a vain wasted warning as it was!" he adds, with passionate regret in his tone. "She would not believe—she was so sure!"

"Warning?"

"Yes. I warned her that the husband she believed dead was still living—that the man who had sworn to murder her was here in Wilminster!"

"The husband—the man!" In dazed amazement Dolly can only repeat the words, which hardly convey any real meaning to her. "You mean——"

"I mean that the man who murdered Rosalie was her husband, Sydney Ferrars—an escaped convict, who, many years ago, had taken an oath to do just that which he did when the occasion came."

"But, Walter, all this time, at the inquest—even by Beatrix—the man has been quite unrecognized. No one knows."

"Thank Heaven for that! And no one need know, not even Beatrix. Let their sorrowful story be buried with them. But you shall hear the whole truth, Dolly, and then we will never speak of this again.

"Years ago, Dolly, when you were a little child, and I, a very young man, had just joined my regiment at Wexeter, I fell in love with Rosalie Massey. She was an actress——"

"An actress—Rosalie?"

"Yes. I do not think even her sister is aware of the fact. I do think even her sister is aware of the fact. I do not even quite know how she managed to become one; I have had two versions of the same story from her own lips. Poor Rosalie!"

"Poor Rosalie indeed!" Dolly says, in a low tone. "No wonder she led so strange an existence here, with such a mysterious past to look back upon."

"Such a past!" Walter agrees, with a quick shudder. "You do not know, you cannot even dream yet, how horrible that past was! But let me tell you the unhappy woman's story so far as it was known to me. Rosalie Massey—or Miss Rosalie Maitland, as the play-bills had it—was the loveliest and most attractive girl I had ever seen. I lost my heart to her at first sight, and every interview afterwards only strengthened the spell and made me more and more her slave and worshipper.

"It was not easy to make her acquaintance. She stood coldly and proudly aloof from all other members of that easy-going community, and I think her very inaccessibility added to her charm. When at last I obtained an introduction, and found her to be not only very clever and beautiful, but in all ways educated and refined, I yielded altogether to the mad passion that possessed me, and determined to leave no effort unmade to win her for my wife. I was my own master, wealthy already, for my uncle, in his lifetime, allowed me a large income and I had my mother's fortune too. I made up my mind, though Rosalie had given me nothing that I could call encouragement, to put my fortune to the touch and ask her at once to be my wife.

"I shall never forget that day, Dolly. I shall never forget Rosalie's face as I spoke the all-important words. We were walking under the lime-trees—a rose show was being held that afternoon, and, meeting her, I seized the opportunity to learn my fate. A band was playing—I never hear the dreamy music of 'Sweethearts' without a thrill, Dolly. Do you remember when I found the song on your piano, with Rosalie written in the corner? That day came back to me, and Rosalie's pale lovely face, with the look of despair in the blue eyes."

"Do you mean that the despair was in Rosalie's face when you told her your

love, when you asked her to marry you?" asks Dolly.

"No! The curious pathos of her face, the strange glitter in her eyes, struck me even then, agitated and excited as I was; but there was no despair on it then—rather a look of growing resolution, as though she were nerving herself to face some difficulty. She stood quite still—we were in one of the side paths, a little apart from the crowd—until I had finished speaking, then she said very quietly, and with a curious cold composure—

"'I will give you an answer, Brackenbury, in a few days. What you say is most flattering, of course, and I am very grateful——'

"'But there is no one else,' I broke in, with a glow of triumph, for of course I could only understand her words as a gratified assent.

"She drew up her beautiful head, a little color came into her face as she looked proudly and, as it seemed, defiantly into mine.

"'There is no one else!' she said, with ringing clearness. 'Do you think I am likely to fall in with one of my stage associates, Mr. Brackenbury? I endure them, at a distance, and for a time; but the man I marry must be a gentleman, even in the narrowest and most exclusive sense of the word—must be what you are, a man well born, well bred, a man whom I can love without self-scorn, and of whom I can be honestly proud.'

"The last strange word had hardly left her lips, I was still hesitating over my answer, when I saw an awful change come over her face, felt a rough touch on my shoulder, and heard a harsh voice say in my ear—

"'May I trouble you to walk another way, sir—to leave me alone with my wife!'

"I turned and saw a ghastly pale face and a pair of madly shining eyes—saw a youngish-looking man in soiled dusty garments. I don't think I noticed much more than that at the time, Dolly; what I heard confused and upset me so entirely.

"'Your wife!' I echoed stupidly.

"'My wife,' he repeated. 'She cannot, she does not wish to deny it.'

"'Rosalie, is this true? Shall I leave you with this man?'

She hesitated a moment, glanced from him to me, then said—

"'Yes; it is true in a sense. Yes; go now—to-morrow I will explain.'

"The man seemed about to interject some angry remark, but I did not heed him. With the feeling that I was moving in a nightmare dream, I obeyed the entreating gesture of her hands and left the pair alone.

"How I passed that night, Dolly, I do not know, and all that happened the next day seems dim and indistinct to me. There came no word or message from Rosalie. I was too proud to go near the theatre or seek her in any way; but surely, I thought, she would keep her word, and send at least some sort of explanation to me.

"Nothing came however for three days, but on the morning of the fourth I received a hurried, most illegible note, begging me to call at Miss Maitland's lodging in the afternoon.

"I was just going to start when I heard two or three of my brother officers talking excitedly in one of the windows.

"'By George, this is a sensation for Wexeter!' one cried, crumpling up a newspaper as he spoke. 'Fancy what fiends women can be when their tempers are roused, and this one is almost angelically beautiful!'

"'Beautiful if you like, but I never saw much of the angel about her,' another put in. 'Very proudly proper, and all that sort of thing, but with a sort of Lady Macbeth expression that ought to put any man on his guard. I tell you,' he added, in a more serious tone, 'who was not warned, and is awfully hard hit in that quarter.'

"'I know—poor old Brackenbury,' the first speaker said. 'Yes, it will be a crushing trouble to him. I am quite sure he intended to ask the charming Rosalie to become his wife.'

"'Perhaps she was quite sure of it too, and that conviction made her hurry matters up a bit. It must have been awfully provoking to know that so much was within her reach, yet not to be able to grasp it. Hallo, Brackenbury! What ails you, my dear fellow? Here, sit down!'

"I suppose I did look sufficiently ghastly to scare the good-natured gossips, as I walked straight up to the window and said, in a hoarse angry voice—

"'The paper—give me the paper! I want to see what is in it.'

"George Clinton, who was my particular chum, and a kind-hearted clear-headed man, silenced a storm of explanation and expostulation with a look and placed the paper in my hand, pointing at a column-long article headed, in the true sensational style—

"'Arrest of a Deserter—Savage Attack on His Captor—Critical State of the Wounded Man—Romantic Story of an Actress's Wrongs and Revenge!'

"I cannot tell you all that followed, Dolly; you shall see the grim story for yourself. The reporter related—with evident consciousness of an unusually interesting story to tell—how Sydney Ferrars, a trooper in the —th Hussars, was arrested, at the stage door of the Wexeter Theatre, on a charge of desertion; how, in a violent struggle, he had ill-used one of the men arresting him, breaking his arm and three of his ribs, and otherwise injuring him so dangerously that he lay in the infirmary in an almost hopeless state; how, when finally overpowered, he had charged Miss Rosalie Maitland, then acting at the theatre, with giving him up to the authorities—at the same time claiming her as his wife, which claim, the reporter shrewdly added, the lady had been neither able nor willing at the moment to deny. There was much more in the same strain, Dolly, but I cannot recall now—I did not stay to read it all then. The one active feeling of which I was conscious, in the dull stupor of disgust and fear that had fallen upon me, was an intense longing to see Rosalie face to face—to know, once for all, whether this hideous story was true. No words would be needed between us, the first glance would tell me all I wished to know.

"And it did! I went straight to Rosalie's lodging, in a quiet street near the cathedral. I had hardly crossed the threshold before, though how often, how proudly and gladly I had escorted her to the door! She was alone in the pretty flower-filled room, with open boxes and scattered dresses about her, and was apparently busy when I opened the door; but she came towards me at once, her head thrown back, her eyes and cheeks vividly and feverishly bright.

"'So you have come to see me, moral leper as I am!' she cried. 'The situation explains itself, does it not? My maid has deserted me—was willing to forfeit her wages rather than stay, as she told me in a burst of virtuous indignation. My landlady has given me notice to quit; I don't seem to have a friend left in the world—unless, indeed, you!'

"'I came to see you—to be quite sure,' I said incoherently. 'Now there is nothing more to say between us, let me go.'

"I turned blindly to the door, but, with a quick movement, she placed herself between it and me.

"'Stay!' she cried harshly. 'No prisoner is condemned unheard. Since you judge me, you shall hear all that I have to say.'

"'I know all!' I ejaculated, shrinking back from her.

"'He knows all!' she cried in a very frenzy of rage and scorn. 'He has read the garbled story in that wretched rag—he condemns my vengeance and knows nothing of my wrongs. Listen, Walter Brackenbury; you shall hear me at least, and then you shall tell me if the punishment I have given him is more than Sydney Ferrars deserved at my hands!'

"There was no disobeying the imperious order, Dolly. I moved back to the window, and she stood before me, one hand resting lightly on the back of a high chair, the other pressed tightly over her throbbing heart.

"'I think no man ever wronged a woman, outraged her pride, and spoiled her life in such cruel fashion as Sydney Ferrars has spoiled mine,' she said, in cold clear tones. 'And it was a life of which I meant to make so much. I was an orphan, free to do with myself what I chose. My only relatives were an elderly aunt and a sister, a little girl, who was being educated at a French school. My aunt was wealthy and almost idiotically fond and proud of me. I thought I could have wound her round my finger; but, when I pleaded with her to give me the desire of my heart, when I begged her to let me try my fortune on the stage, I found that I had miscalculated my power.

"'She forbade me to mention the subject again. She told me that much as she loved me, she would rather see me dead that disgraced, as I must needs be by any association with the stage; and finally she swore solemnly that every penny she possessed should go to my sister Beatrix if I ever mentioned my mad fancy again. Well, of course I disobeyed her! I raged and rebelled against the dull comfort of my home, the dull decorum of the company she kept—most of all against the future she offered me, the husbands she proposed. I was to marry one of the smug merchants, prosy lawyers or unctuous parsons she would assemble at her dinner-table now and then—I who felt that, given a fair field, I could fill the press of Europe with my praise and have half a world at my feet! The thought, the contrast between what was and what might be maddened me, and, in a moment of madness, I left my home. At first Heaven seemed to favor all my plans. I found easy work to launch myself in my profession, for, with the common sense that mingled oddly with my dramatic frenzy, I understood that for a time at least I must be prepared to pay my way. I had brought money with me, and for certain sums I was permitted to "star" in a small provincial company—to play "Julia," "Juliet" and "Pauline." It was good practice, I thought, and would save me from all awkwardness when the day of my great triumph came. Well, I was playing "Juliet" one night, had played with more than my usual fervor, and had looked more than usually beautiful, as my mirror and my very outspoken manager told me, when a stranger was brought behind the scenes and introduced to me. He was a good-looking young man, whose compliments were more to my taste than most I had received, and whose admiration was unmistakable. Mr. Searle was so obsequious in his devotion to the newcomer that I guessed at once he was some one of importance; and, in answer to my inquiry, received only a chuckling—

"'"Not exactly what he seems, my dear." That only increased and intensified my curiosity, especially when he went on to observe, with characteristic elegance, that he never saw any man so hopelessly gone in so short a time as Mr. Sydney Ferrars was on me.

"'I hate to speak, I hate to think of that time!' Rosalie broke off, in a white heat of passion. 'I was so poor and pitiful a dupe. From the manager's hints and innuendoes I gathered that my adorer was in truth the Honorable Sydney Ferrars Graeme, son and heir of one of the wealthiest peers in England; and I walked open-eyed and unsuspecting to my doom—nay, more, I courted it. I led and led him on until one day he asked me point-blank to marry him, to accompany him to the other side of the world. I smiled at this. Mr. Ferrars Graeme was a diplomatist, I knew. I was quite willing to shine as an ambassador's or even a colonial governor's wife, but I would not say so then. If it pleased him to cherish the fond delusion that I was the sort of woman to think the world well lost for love, let him do so—at any rate, for a time. The night before our marriage however, some strong impulse, some instinct that failed to save me, urged me to question him on the all-important point.

"'"Sydney," I said, nestling my head against his shoulder to hide the keen anxiety in my eyes, "you have kept your secret well: but you may tell it now."

"'"My secret?" he repeated.

"'"Yes. Have you not kept a secret? Are you not Lord Archdale's son?"

"'There followed silence that, though it lasted but a moment, seemed hours long to me; then he held me so closely and fiercely to him that I almost cried aloud with the pain, and said, with a boisterous laugh—

"'"So you have guessed all, my beautiful witch! Yes, Rosalie, if you care to know it, I am Lord Archdale's son!"

"'It was all true, Walter; and yet it was the basest, the cruellest of lies! How degradingly true, how hideously false, I learned when I had been one week Sydney Ferrar's wife. In an impulse of maudlin penitence he told me all. He was indeed Lord Archdale's son, but—a son with no right to bear his father's name—the object of a contemptuous patronising charity! I could not answer him at first—the shock of the discovery almost killed me. I think the pitiful wretch thought his pleading had touched me. He soon discovered his mistake. I don't know what I said or did; I remember falling upon my knees and swearing to take my own life or his if he ever ventured to come near me again. After that there comes a blank. I think I tried to kill him, but I don't know. He left me, and about a week after I heard that he had enlisted in a Cavalry regiment ordered for service at the Cape. I breathed again when he had gone. I prayed day and night that a Zulu lance might avenge my wrongs and set me free; but—the prayers of the wicked, you know!' Rosalie paused, drawing a deep breath. 'Much noble blood was spilled, many loving women were left widowed and childless; but Sydney Ferrars came home—to desert his regiment and put his neck into the noose.'

"'And you gave him up?'

"'I gave him up to punishment; I would have given him up to death!' she answered, with a vindictiveness all the more horrible because it was so quietly expressed. 'It may be that still—I think it will. Listen, Mr. Brackenbury!'

"Through the half-open window there came the shrill voice of a boy vending his papers in the street below, and my heart seemed to die within me as I caught the words, 'The shocking tragedy at Wexeter Theatre—Startling details—Death of the wounded man.'

"Rosalie smiled still—a dreadful smile that made me think her beauty worse than the worst extremity of ugliness—and said—

"'I think Sydney Ferrars has not very long to live; but my freedom will come a little late. You are a proud man, Walter Brackenbury; you will hardly care to marry the widow of a convict—of a man who has been hanged!'"

"Don't tell me more, dear," Dolly says pitifully, breaking the painful silence at last. "I can guess the rest. Sydney Ferrars escaped?"

"No. He was tried and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life; and Rosalie no doubt thought herself safe from the vengeance he had sworn. She must have thought herself safer still when a year ago he was reported killed in an attempt to escape."

"She thought him dead, then?"

"She was sure of it—so obstinate, so determined not to accept my warning;" Brackenbury says, shuddering as he recalls the scene. "It was to warn her that I went to the Nest that night, at the risk of displeasing—even, my little love, at the risk of wounding—you. But you understand, and you forgive all now?"

For all answer Dolly raises eyes that shine with tenderest pity and sweet red lips that offer such comfort and pardon as no words can give.

A long pause follows—a pause during which Dolly's head rests on her lover's shoulder and her hand nestles trustingly in his; then Dolly says gently—

"Thank you, dear, for telling me all! We will keep the sorrowful secret to ourselves. Even poor Trix thinks of her sister only as the victim of a madman's motiveless frenzy; and so her sorrow is a natural feeling which time—and Charlie Clayden—will heal. We will not embitter it with anything of shame—we will let her cherish Rosalie's memory, dear!"

Walter Brackenbury kisses the sweet earnest face.

"My other self speaks my own wish, Dolly. The trouble that has weighed so heavily upon me of late will lose half its crushing weight and all its cruel bitterness now it is shared with you."

[THE END.]

Molly's Mistake.

BY M. M. S.

YOU'LL have to take my word for the truth of this story—and even then I don't expect you to believe it. Our beliefs are beyond our control. That's the reason there's so much work for preachers! If we could only believe what we wish to believe, the world would be a considerably better place than it is.

George and Ralph Blenkinsop were brothers. George was a very superior being. As a boy he would have adorned a Sunday-school story book; as a young man he was admired and held up as a pattern by all his friends and relations. I never thought much of him myself, but then he didn't think much of me, which perhaps accounts for it. I thought his character thin; still he was an excellent young man, with an elegant figure and an attractive face.

Ralph was an un unregenerate young scamp! He also would have done to ornament a S. S. book, but it would have been in the way of a shocking example! But—Ralph and I were friends, and although you'll scarcely believe it, this was distinctly in his favor, in my opinion at least. He was neither handsome nor elegant, but big and strong.

Molly Trevor—ah, how shall I describe Molly Trevor! She was fair, of that clear pale fairness that goes so well with dark hair and violet eyes. She had lovely eyes with dark black lashes and fine dark eyebrows—but there, think of the loveliest girl you know, she will not equal Molly Trevor.

Having this opinion of her I was not very pleased to hear one morning from my mother that she was engaged to George Blenkinsop. I may say that I was disgusted. I had hoped—but no matter. I

would go and hunt up Ralph after office hours, and get his view of matters. So I did. I found him in his rooms, smoking an ill-smelling weed, in front of a perfectly black grate. On the table near him was a sheet of note-paper with "My dear George" on it, written in Ralph's best hand. I had walked in unannounced, that it was not until I'd seated myself opposite to him and seized the poker to make up that villainous fire, that he seemed aware of my presence.

"What's the matter, old boy?" I asked.

"I'm thinking whether I shouldn't be wise to go to one of the colonies and take up farming. I have a bit of money, you know."

"I daresay that would be as good a way of losing it as you could hit upon," I replied cheerfully. "Anyway, you might do worse."

"You're right! I might do worse. I might do much, much worse."

The savage energy with which he spoke startled me. It also opened my eyes—that and the sheet of note-paper. But I said nothing. Presently he lifted his head.

"You have heard?"

I nodded.

"So that is to be the end of it all."

"I don't believe it," I replied emphatically. "I'd go and see Molly if I were you."

"No," said he. "I've heard from George himself. It's quite settled."

I was dumfoundered.

"If it were any one but George I would go. But you know what a hot-headed fellow I am! If I went I should make a row, George would learn everything, and the whole happiness of the child's life would be spoiled."

"George knows nothing, then. Isn't it rather hard on him?"

"Hard? No. Molly is by no means George's first love," and he smiled grimly. "Besides, although I considered myself engaged to Molly, I left her free," and he groaned.

I was puzzled. I would have staked my life on Molly's fidelity.

"May I see George's letter?" I asked.

He handed it to me. It was, as he said, a simple announcement of his engagement. The letter concluded with these words:

"Now, old fellow, I shall not be content till I get a hearty letter of congratulation from you."

I was puzzled, more puzzled, than before.

"You haven't written to him yet," I said as I put the letter down.

"No," and he glanced at the paper on the table. "But I shall write presently."

"Don't," said I earnestly. "As a particular favor to me, just leave that letter unwritten for a few days."

"All right; I don't suppose it will make much difference to George."

Of this I was not quite so sure, but, having Ralph's promise, I was not disposed to argue the point.

I stayed with him for a bit, but as he didn't seem to want me, and as I had two or three other arrangements to make of my own, it was quite early when I took myself off.

The next day I went down to Winchester. My mother and the Blenkinsops and the Trevors are all Winchester people. I thought I would take a look round. My work is of a kind that, to a certain extent, can be as well done in one place as another. I got to Winchester just as the lamps were being lighted and went straight to my mother's house. Mother is accustomed on my walking in, when the fit takes me, and never makes any fuss. I believe she keeps a pair of sheets and a pillow-case airing on the hot water tank in the bath room, permanently, on my account.

She was pleased to see me. After dinner I asked her—in a casual sort of manner—a few questions about Molly's engagement. She seemed to think it was all right—"So nice to have dear Molly settle down near." (George was to succeed his father, was head of the first firm of solicitors in Winchester.) "Some people had thought Ralph was the brother Molly had favored, but for her part, she had always felt how much better George was suited to her."

I left her ramble on. I could do no good by expressing my opinion, so I held my tongue.

Next day I went to see the Trevors. Mrs. Trevors was out, but Miss Molly was at home, I was told. This suited me, so I walked in.

"She's in the school-room, I think, sir," said the maid.

"All right. I'll go in and give her a surprise."

I made my way to the school-room alone. I knew it well. Many and many a happy hour had we young ones passed there, and now that we boys were out in the world, Molly still kept it as her own particular sanctum.

I opened the door quietly. There she was, sitting with her feet on the fender, looking straight into the fire. She had a photo in her hand, but she was not looking at it. Her attitude was pathetically desolate.

She did not hear me come in, and started as I greeted her. She hastily put the photo inside a book lying on the table. I made up my mind that, by means fair or foul, I would get hold of that photo.

"When did you come down?" she asked.

"Last night."

"Oh!" I could see she was wondering whether I had heard of her engagement. It didn't suit me to enlighten her.

"Yes, I came down last night. I saw Ralph on Tuesday, Molly."

"I hope he's quite well," in a polite tone, poking the fire as she spoke.

"Can't say. He looked very wretched, but then he's working very hard."

"He's going to be married, isn't he," still fiddling with the poker.

"You ought to know, Molly."

"I!" and she threw up her head with a gesture of disdain. I waited for her to say something more. But she didn't. Instead, she kept tapping little pieces of coal with the point of the poker, in the most irritating way. I tried to take the poker out of her hand.

"Don't," said she, "I'm thinking."

"Very well. If you think with the poker, I'll think with the tongs," and I began to pick up little pieces of coal, and gravely put them on the fire.

But she didn't smile. No, she began to cry in a silent way that was too much for me. I put down the tongs.

"What's the matter Molly?" said I gently.

No answer.

"Molly, may I—" and I took up the book. She did not speak, so I opened it and took the photo from between its leaves. I recognized it at once. I was with Ralph when he bought it in Regent's Street. It was the profile of some celebrity, but we were both struck with its resemblance to Molly. It was simply a profile—I mean that it showed only one eye, one ear, and the nose, etc. I dare say had it been a full or three-quarter photo, it might not have resembled her in the least, but as it was, it was strikingly like her—to every one save Molly herself, who doubtless had never seen her own profile. It requires a special arrangement of looking glasses to do that—as I know. But how had Molly got hold of it? In my perplexity I turned it over; on the back, written in Ralph's own handwriting was "My own pet," "My darling little wife," "My sweet," and a lot more equally insane expressions of regard.

By this time Molly had pulled herself together, and was sitting upright in her chair. With a fine affectation of indifference she remarked:

"I suppose that is the girl Ralph is going to marry."

"Yes, I believe that is the girl he hopes to marry."

"Is she pretty? Do you know her?"

"Yes, I know her. She's very pretty.'

'Oh!" Then silence. I began to feel that it was my turn.

"Who gave you that photo, Molly?"

She blushed.

"It—it wasn't given me."

"How did you get it then?"

"Oh, it doesn't signify," she replied.

"Would you like to know why Ralph bought the photo?"

"Bought it!"

"Yes, bought it. He was afraid—too shy—to ask the girl for her photo. Perhaps, as they were not openly engaged, he didn't think it right."

"Do you mean that Ralph is going to marry an actress, or some one of that sort."

I laughed slightly, and said "You need not be so horrified. Ralph bought that photo, because it was like you."

Molly sprang up and, stamping with one foot, she cried:

"Don't, don't say that! You mustn't. It's not true. I'm not like that."

I assured her she was, and then I told her all about Ralph's buying it. When I'd finished, Molly looked as if the end of the world had come as far as she was concerned. I hope I may never see any young thing's face look like that again.

Still I'd got to get to the bottom of things.

"Molly, where did you get that photo?" I demanded again.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Nothing in the world matters now," she moaned. "You don't know all."

"Yes, I do. I know that you have promised to marry George; I also know that you'll do nothing of the kind."

"Oh, I've promised; I must marry him, I must."

"Don't see it. You've promised to marry Ralph too, it seems to me."

"Yes—but then—I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought," I went on impatiently. "Where did you get this photo?"

Very reluctantly at last she told me that George had shown it to her, one day in fun, that she had seized it and walked off with it, and refused to give it him back, that——

Here I interrupted her, and asked if George had told her where he got it.

"He said that Ralph had sent it him, with some papers from the London office."

"If he did that, it was an accident," said I positively, "and George ought to have sent it back again."

"George did want to, but I—I wouldn't let him have it."

"Well, I know the rest. George proposed to you last Tuesday; you accepted him, feeling very proud of yourself and triumphant over poor Ralph, and have been repenting it ever since."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"You need be! I wouldn't have judged a dog on such evidence," and I waved the photo contemptuously, and then put it in my breast pocket.

After that I left her and went straight to the telegraph office. I wired to Ralph to come down at once. He came. I made him put his bag in the cloak room, and took him for a walk.

We talked considerably during that walk. At the end of it we went our several ways; he to see Molly, I to hunt up George. I took the photo with me.

He was at home when I called. He was in his own room, busy with some work he had brought from the office. He was an industrious young man. I began at once.

"George, have you ever seen that photo before?" and I put it on the table before him. He paused before he replied guardedly:

'Yes, I think it came down with some papers Ralph sent from the London office."

"And you gave it to Molly Trevor?"

"I showed it to Molly. She refused to return it," corrected he.

"Have you ever seen any one like it?" He examined it critically.

"No, I can't say that I have."

"You know what is written on the back."

"Oh, yes," with a smile of engaging frankness. "It was because of that I showed it to Molly. Such a joke to have on old Ralph."

"Your sense of humor is fine," I remarked. "Didn't it occur to you that the proper thing would have been to send it back to Ralph promptly?"

"Can't say that it did," carelessly, and then in a brisker tone, "But as Molly has given it to you, I'll send it back to-morrow."

"No need," said I, pocketing it. "Ralph is round at the Trevors'; I'll give it him myself presently."

George turned a little pale, and he snapped a delicate paper knife he was fingering in two. But he answered quietly:

"Ralph is there, is he? And you are going there? Would you mind telling Molly that I'm very busy, but that I shall be glad to come in about nine, if she'll send a line down saying she wants me."

"You'll not get that line, George."

"Think not? Well, I daresay you know best," acquiescently.

"George, you're a great man, and we shall live to be proud of you, I trust," said I admiringly.

"Think so?" Then in a voice full of fury he pointed to the door and said, "Go."

Next week the outside world was very much astonished that they had for one moment imagined it was George, not Ralph, that Molly was engaged to. Such a stupid mistake! But the inner circle knew better, and felt very much for George, and condemned Molly; but even that was better than a scandal.

APPRECIATIVE.—A housekeeper who has been employing an old washerwoman for several months was surprised to see her appear the other day in a hat trimmed heavily with crape.

"Why, Julia," she asked, "is anyone belonging to your family dead?"

"No, no," was the reply, "but one of my best customers gave me this hat, and I didn't want her to think I don't 'preciate nothin'."

Bric-a-Brac.

FUNERALS.—The popular notion about funerals is a great mistake. To meet a funeral going in the opposite direction is a sign of good luck, and to see two funerals going in opposite directions is better still.

SUPERSTITION.—In the North of Scotland fisher-folk turn back if a hare or a pig crosses their path; and at sea they never pronounce the name of the hare, the pig, the salmon, the trout or the dog.

RICE.—Rice was known in China two thousand eight hundred years before Christ. It is not mentioned in the Bible, but it is referred to in the Talmud. It was known in Syria four hundred years before Christ, was first introduced into Italy in 1468, and into the Carolinas in 1700.

BIRDS.—"It seems strange," says an English writer, "that a bird will sit on a roost and sleep all night without falling off, but the explanation is simple. The tendon of the leg of a bird that roosts is so arranged that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws are bound to contract, and thus hold with a sort of death-grip the limb around which they are placed."

WINDFALL.—The origin of "windfall," in the sense of "good luck," dates from the time of William the Conqueror. It was then a criminal offence to cut timber in the forests. Only such could be gathered as the wind had blown down; hence a heavy wind-storm was hailed by the peasants as so much good luck; and hence the modern application of the expression.

MINERAL WAX.—Ozokerite, or mineral wax, is a substance which can be used for almost every purpose to which beeswax is put; and is especially useful to electricians as an insulator. Until 1868, when deposits were found in Utah, our supplies had come exclusively from Galicia, but now a fresh deposit has been found in Southern Oregon. The new wax is of a yellowish-white color, and burns with a dense smoke but no smell.

FISH AND FOWL.—At the mouth of the Colorado River and the upper end of the Gulf of California are to be found sea-bass that weigh from two hundred and fifty pounds to seven hundred and fifty pounds each, clams as large as a common dinner-plate, millions of sardines and smelts, oysters, small but delicious, soft-shelled crabs and other shell-fish, wild geese, brants, ducks, cranes and other sea-fowl and birds.

THE FARM.—Spelman derives the word "farm" from the Saxon "fearme" or "feorme," which signifies food or provision; as the tenants and country-people anciently paid their rents in victuals and other necessaries of life. Hence a farm was originally a place which supplied its owner or lord with provisions. The word "ferme" is also French, and a farm is probably so called from its being a firm or fixed possession of the land by one who labors on it.

ARTIFICIAL ISLANDS.—Artificial islands are, it seems, common in China as well as in Mexico. "The Chinese fishermen," says Barrow's "China," "having no house on shore, nor stationary abode, but moving about in their vessels on the extensive lakes and rivers, have no inducement to cultivate patches of ground which the pursuit of their profession might require then to leave for the benefit of another; they therefore plant their onions on rafts of bamboo, well interwoven with reeds and long grass, and covered with earth, and these floating gardens are towed after their boats."

THE TOMATO.—The tomato has a curious history. After the revolution of San Domingo, many French families came from there to Philadelphia, where they introduced their favorite pomme d' amour. Although introduced as early as 1596 from South America into England, it was looked upon with suspicion, and its specific name, "Lycopersicum," derived from lykos, "wolf," and persikon, "peach," referring to the beautiful but deceptive appearance of its fruit, intimates pretty clearly the kind of estimation in which it was held. It is now however all but universally used.

ABOUT ACTRESSES.—In nine cases out of ten the women of the stage commit the words of their parts to memory by copying them out in their own handwriting, and among other distinguished disciples of this method are Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Amy Roselle and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. As regards learning parts in the open air while walking, driving and so on, the system has fewer advocates among women than it has among men; but Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mrs. Langtry are both accustomed to this form of study, and many younger actresses adopt it, railway and even 'bus journeys being utilized. Both Mrs. Kendal and Sarah Bernhardt sit down to serious study and allow nothing whatever to interfere with them during the time they are learning a part.

IT is said that the English way of serving pineapple is to take the fruit out from the rind in a solid cone. This, with its prickly stem attached, is left intact. The pine is then sliced and plied in its natural shape and the rind fitted on. It is thus sent to the table and served.

OUR BRIDGE.

BY H. H.

Friends dwell asunder, but hearts are near;
Love knows no distance, no there, no here,
Invisible bridges connect souls still,
And spirits cross them at Fancy's will.

The trackless ocean our Bridge can span;
And mountain ranges too vast for man;
The desert wild cannot break its spell,
Which owns no limit, if hearts love well.

It bridges over the gulf of Death;
Our dead ones breathe with our own warm breath;
Our pulses beat with the same keen thrill:
We see them, hear them, and hold them still.

At times, when the night is still and clear,
When earth seems distant, and heaven more near,
Across the stillness there floats this song:
"Hope ever, true hearts; be brave—be strong,
For Time is brief, but Eternity long."

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

EMOTION is exhausting. Nora felt tired the morning after her first visit to the theatre and looked pale, and Vane noticed it in a moment.

"I tell you what it is, my dear fellow," he said at breakfast time, as she leant back in her chair and listlessly played with a piece of toast, "that rackety London life is knocking you up. We shall have to put on the break, for we can't have you ill, you know."

She smiled, and shrugged her shoulders with a touch of the old abandon.

"I am all right," she said; "but I do feel a little tired."

"You had better go and rest," he said. "Thank goodness we haven't anything on to-day excepting a visit to Sen's studio."

"Are we obliged to go there?" she asked.

"Oh, why not?" he responded. "You'll like to see the pictures, especially Lady Florence's, and you needn't tire yourself in the least. But we won't go if you'd rather not, though I'm afraid Sen will be disappointed. It's no end of a compliment his giving us a formal invitation, you know, for he is not fond of having people at his studio, unless they come on business."

"He doesn't mind having you," said Nora, "so I suppose the compliment is for me. Very well, we will go."

"I wish you had 'taken to' Senley Tyers," said Vane after a pause. "I can't understand your not liking him."

"Nor I," she said thoughtfully. "Perhaps I shall grow to like him. I did promise to try, didn't I? I only wish he wouldn't look at me with that singular kind of smile on his face."

Vane laughed.

"Oh, most clever men have that look, I believe," he said. "They can't help it. You see they see through everything——" He paused, for her face flushed for an instant, and she raised her eyes to his with a swift look of alarm in them.

"Do you think——" she drew her breath. "Do you think that—that he knows, guesses, about me?" she asked almost inaudibly.

"No, no; I am sure he doesn't," Vane made haste to reply. "If he did he would be sure to speak to me about it. Sen never conceals anything from me."

She sighed with relief.

"I would rather anyone know than he," she said. "Yes, we will go."

"Not till the afternoon, then," he said. "That will give you time to rest."

She went to her room, but took her lesson books with her and worked hard all the morning. It was wonderful how rapidly she made progress. Her marvellous memory did her good service, and the usual stumbling-blocks in the path of knowledge were but as stepping-stones to her.

They walked round to Mount street after lunch, and were received by Senley Tyers with a frank cordiality which was intended to set at rest any misgivings Nora might have, and quite succeeded. He had been schooling himself and rehearsing his part all the morning, and he managed to treat her with the friendly condescension and frank kindliness which a man of the world accords to a young lad whom he likes and desires to entertain.

"I don't know whether you care for pictures, Mortimer," he said, as Nora stood in the centre of the artistically-furnished and softly-lighted room, "but if you don't you can just look at as many or as few as you like, and no more. Here is Lady Florence's portrait. What do you think of it?"

He removed the cover from the canvas and Nora looked at it in silence for some time.

"Splendid, isn't it?" exclaimed Vane.

She started, and before replying glanced up at his face with a keen, searching look as if she were trying to read his heart.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she said; then she went slowly round the room and looked at the other pictures, which Senley Tyers had arranged in artistic harmony. He did not offer to go round with her, but put upon the easel an unfinished picture in place of Lady Florence's portrait, and commenced to work at it.

Vane lit a cigarette, and leaning against the window, watched him.

"Hallo!" he said. "What's that?"

Senley Tyers nodded towards the picture, a rough sketch of a pretty cottage standing at the foot of some heather-covered hills. "Meaning this? A little bit of rusticity I am knocking off for the picture dealers. It is a small cottage I have taken in Luib."

"And where on earth is Luib?" asked Vane.

Senley Tyers painted for awhile before answering, as if the topic were of no consequence. And yet he had been hard at work all the morning painting the sketch from a photograph especially for this visit of Vane's.

"Luib, my dear ignoramus, is in the Trossachs, and the Trossachs are in Scotland."

Vane laughed.

"And Scotland is a part of the British Isles," he said. "Of course, I remember Luib now, an awfully pretty place. There used to be some good shooting near there."

"There is still, I believe," said Senley Tyers. "Also some good scenery, which was the attraction of the place for yours humbly."

"When did you go up there?" asked Vane. "I don't remember your going."

"Oh, before I had the supreme felicity of knowing you," replied Senley Tyers. "But I have only taken the cottage lately. I mean to run down there one day, as soon as I can get through some of these confounded portraits. It's a most charming spot, and the little place is beautifully sheltered. I wish to heaven—with apologies for the seeming rudeness—I were there now."

"We'll go down together some day," said Vane.

Senley Tyers nodded, then after a pause changed the subject rather abruptly.

"Did you see my portrait of Narks, the great financier?" he asked casually.

"No," said Vane, rather absently; his eyes were following Nora, who was wandering from picture to picture with a rapt expression in her eyes, and he was thinking how beautiful a picture Senley Tyers could make of her.

"Sorry. It was really good. The great man was extremely pleased and grateful. His gratitude took a more tangible form than usual."

"As how?" inquired Vane.

Senley Tyers smiled.

"He insisted upon presenting me with a hundred guineas over and above the stipulated price, and, more by token, was good enough to give me a piece of advice that should prove advantageous—that will prove very advantageous, I should think. It has already shown a profit."

"What is it?" asked Vane, still watching Nora absently. She had seated herself on a low divan, with Tiger, the cat, in her lap, and was leaning back playing with the animal.

"Did you ever hear of the Great Bendoza Mine?" asked Senley Tyers in reply.

"Nary word."

"Nor I, until the equally great financier mentioned it," said Senley Tyers. "But there is a thing, and it is a very big thing—excuse my talking in the slang of the Stock Exchange."

Vane laughed.

"I am rather amused, I'll admit," he said. "What the deuce do you know about mines, and stocks, and shares, Sen?"

"Nothing, almost as little as Tiger there. But Narks does, and in recommending me to buy Bendoza shares he has done me a very good turn. He holds an enormous lot of them, and believes that he shall clear a fortune. I have put all my savings into it, and I heartily wish that I had more to invest in the same way."

"Really?" said Vane, still absent-minded.

"Yes," said Senley Tyers. "By the way, have you spent all your money yet, my dear prodigal?"

Vane woke up at the direct question, and colored slightly. It was a painful question enough. What with paying his debts, his losses—and they had been heavy—at the supper party on the night of Nora's fateful arrival, and his expenses since, the five thousand pounds which Reuben Vale had given him had diminished pretty considerably.

"Not all," he said rather gravely; "I must have a couple thousand or thereabouts left; I don't know exactly."

"I suppose not," remarked Tyers drily. "I'm surprised you have as much. That won't last very long—oh, prodigal!"

Vane shook his head still more gravely.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "I wish to heaven——"

He stopped.

"Well, what?" asked Tyers, bending closely over his work.

Vane flung the end of his cigarette away and took up another.

"I was going to say that I wish I could get out of the London swim, and—and settle down somewhere quietly for a time, or, better still, that I could leave England."

"The old plaint," murmured Tyers with a cynical smile.

He was silent for a moment.

"Do you want any advice?" he asked presently. "Bah! You wouldn't take it if it were the best even a Solomon could give, would you? You know you wouldn't. Who does?"

Vane smiled.

"Try me!" he retorted laconically.

Tyers looked round at him with a friendly smile.

"'Pon my word I've a great mind to!" he said. "Well, look here. Do you know what I should do if I were in your place? I should give up that idea of leaving England, for the present at any rate. I should invest the remainder of that money, barring a hundred or so, in the Bendoza."

Vane smiled ruefully.

"A hundred or so wouldn't last me long in town, Sen," he remarked.

"Then leave London," said Senley Tyers. He paused a moment; then, as if struck by a sudden idea, said with a laugh—"See here, why not go down to this cottage of mine at Luib?"

Vane looked thoughtful.

"Yes," said Senley Tyers, as if he liked the idea the more he thought of it; "that's not at all a bad notion! Go down there, and at once. I've got someone in charge there—a who would make you comfortable enough in a roughish way; you can get any amount of shooting, and——. My dear fellow, there's my advice!"

Vane tugged at his moustache and glanced involuntarily towards Nora.

"It sounds very tempting, Sen," he said; "but I couldn't leave Ernest."

Senley Tyers looked at him with bland surprise.

"My dear fellow, of course you would take him with you. I have not been thinking of him in the proposal; but now you mention him I must say that I think he wants a change. He looks rather fagged and pale. You and he have been going the pace since he came up, haven't you? Dinners and suppers at the Cavaliers, and other sprees have pulled that young gentleman down."

He looked across at Nora, who was leaning back on the luxurious ottoman, quite unconscious that she was the subject of conversation. Vane again noticed that she looked pale and rather weary.

"It would do Ernest good," he admitted; and, as he spoke, the desire to take her out of the giddy whirlpool of London life which had always threatened to engulf him, took possession of him. It would be nice to have Ernest—mark that he thought of her as a boy, not a girl—with him up there in Scotland, fishing and shooting; he would teach him to throw a fly.

"Of course is would do him good," said Tyers emphatically. "Late hours and dissipation of the mildest kind play the mischief with a youngster; and, between you and me, I rather fancy our young friend is not ever strong; he looks delicate."

A sharp spasm of fear ran through Vane, and he looked keenly at Nora; then he remembered her as she had sailed the boat, and leapt from rock to rock, and reassured himself.

"Not he," he said with a laugh; "he only wants a change—a rest. "Yes," he added with sudden determination, "I'll take your advice, Sen. I'll run up to Scotland with Ernest for a week or so. The weather may be rough up there——"

"And it may not; I've known it delightful at this time of year. Anyhow, you'll get plenty of sport. You'll go at once?"

Vane nodded.

"I suppose so."

"Certainly, I should. Let me see—you might go to-morrow."

Vane laughed.

"You seem mightly anxious to get rid of me," he said.

"Exactly; I am. I am. I want to save something out of that coin. Oh, by the way, are you going to take my advice respecting the Great Bendoza?"

He went on with his work as he spoke, and asked the question in the most casual way.

"Yes, I think so," said Vane. "It's all safe, I suppose? Don't know anything about this kind of thing, you know."

"Nor I. Oh, yes, it's safe enough, or the great financier wouldn't invest in it. Put all you've got, bar a hundred or two. Got a cheque? I suppose not. No matter; just write a line or two on this sheet of paper to the stockholders. Here!"

He put his hand on Vane's shoulder and gently pushed him into a chair at the antique writing-table.

"There you are. Make it for two thousand; then you'll leave a margin."

Vane wrote the order at his dictation, and Senley Tyers folded it and put it in an envelope and addressed it.

"It can go with my letter," he said. "And you will be off to-morrow?"

Vane nodded.

"Right! I feel like a father or a guardian angel. By the way, you needn't go round bidding farewell. If I were you I wouldn't tell anyone where I was going. You'll have half-a-dozen of 'the boys' as you call them, coming after you; and," he shrugged his shoulders, "you'd find it as easy to play baccarat and close your money in my little cottage at Luib as in London here. I wouldn't mention it to anyone, especially to Lady Florence, for instance."

"Why not to her especially?" he asked with faint surprise.

Senley Tyers shrugged his shoulders.

"Because women always talk, and never refuse to give a man's address; and a few hours after you had gone every man at the club would be in possession of it. See?"

"What a cautious bird you are, Sen!" said Vane, laughing.

"I learnt wisdom in a hard school," said Senley Tyers. "And now be off: you've wasted quite enough of my time. I shall have nothing to eat next week if I don't look out."

Vane took up his hat.

"Come on, Ernest," he said, "we are chucked out."

Senley Tyers held out his left hand to her.

"Good-bye, Mortimer," he said pleasantly. "Hope you'll like Scotland."

Nora looked at him and then at Vane inquiringly.

"Scotland?"

Senley Tyers glanced at her and then resumed his painting.

"Yes, Tempest and you are off for a change to the breezy North, my dear boy. Go and enjoy yourselves."

Nora said nothing till they got out into the street, then she touched Vane's arm.

"What did he mean?" she inquired.

"He has offered us a cottage up in Scotland," said Vane. "Didn't I tell you he was a good fellow? Would you like to go?" and he looked down at her with a glance that had something apprehensively tender in it, and which went straight to her heart. "You are looking rather off color, my young friend."

Nora colored.

"I am only a little tired," she said. "But—Scotland. Shall—shall we go alone or with a party?"

"Alone," he said. "You won't feel dull?"

"No," she said, "not with you. Yes, I would like to go. Perhaps I can get some work there. Do you think I could?"

"I daresay; perhaps," he said, repressing a smile at her earnestness. "Well see. Well, then, we'll be off to-morrow, eh? Come on; we must pack up. I must get my guns and fish rods out. By George, Sen's right! It's a capital idea! Now isn't he a good fellow?"

"The good fellow" half an hour after they had left his studio put on his hat and walked to the post-office, posted Vane's letter and sent off the following telegram—

"Mrs. Burns, Hill Cottage, Luib,—Coming to-morrow: have everything prepared."

Then he went back to his work with the sense of satisfaction which attends the man who is succeeding in the great object of this life; and as he flung the sketch of the Scotch cottage aside and placed Lady Flor-

ence's portrait on the easel he nodded at it with a cynical smile and murmured—

"The net is drawing in closer, my proud beauty."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THEY started next day—one might almost say they fled. Vane did not even leave his address with the Porters. Everyone knows the delightful Scotch express, and how pleasant a journey due north may be made with a friend to talk to when one wants to talk, and books and magazines to read when one is tired of chatting.

Nora could not read, but when Vane was silent she was quite content to lie back and watch him under her long lashes.

As they tore along, a weight seemed to be lifting from her mind, and her heart, too, grew lighter, and the same may be said of Vane. He realized with every mile that was put between him and London how great had been his anxiety on her behalf, how constant had been his dread of discovery. Up there in that wild solitary region there would be no cause for fear. And up there he could have time to think out some plan for her future; for he told himself that sooner or later they would have to part. They could not go on living the life they had had been leading. At present her innocence of the consequences of the step she had taken was as unbroken, as unsullied as it had been on the night of her arrival; but some day, suddenly, her eyes would be opened and she would see the grim truth.

Yes, he would think it all out when he got down there in the quiet of the Scotch valley, and hit upon some way of parting with her and placing her in safety and beyond the reach of scandal. And as he made the resolution he looked across at her and felt a sharp pang go through his heart.

"I wish to heaven she really were my brother!" he thought.

They found the cottage almost as pretty as Senley Tyers' sketch of it.

It stood at the foot of the great hills, nestling under them out of the way of the cold wind, and looking to both Vane and Nora like a haven of rest.

Mrs. Burns, "the decent woman," Senley Tyers had mentioned, met them at the door.

She was a motherly-looking person, scrupulously clean and neat, and the cottage was as clean and comfortable-looking as herself.

A mist was upon the hills when they arrived, but a huge fire was burning in the sitting-room, and the table spread with a substantial supper.

Nora knelt down in front of the fire and warmed her hands at the blaze and turned a smiling, happy face up to Vane as he fussed about, disposing of his guns and rods.

"Doesn't this remind you of the cottage in the Cauldron?" she said in a low whisper, "only that it is a great deal larger and 'swell,' as Lord Wally would say," and she laughed.

Vane paused a moment and laid his hand on her head with its closely cut hair.

"You think you'll be as happy there?" he said gently.

"As happy!" she responded, and that was all.

Mrs. Burns was an admirable cook and the supper was one of the good Scotch kind, to which they did full justice. A young girl about Nora's own age and build waited upon them with charming modesty and self-possession, and Nora watched her curiously.

After supper they sat before the fire, Nora on the great sheepskin rug, her head resting on her hand, talked over all that she had seen in London, and in the intense quietude of the hill-guarded valley they were serenely happy. Never since the night of her arrival had Vane felt so securely content. And yet he would have to part from her presently!

When Nora went to her room Mrs. Burns followed her to make an apology.

"This is my daughter's room, sir," she said, "and I've taken the liberty of leaving some of her things in it." She indicated a curtained wardrobe in a recess. "You see it's a small, wee bit of a place, and——"

"Oh, they won't be in my way," said Nora. "Pray leave them."

When the woman had wished her good-night and gone, Nora locked the door and drew aside the curtain of the wardrobe. Two or three print dresses, a hat, and other articles were hung upon the pegs. Nora looked at them with a feeling which I will not attempt to describe. As they hung there they looked like the ghost of the Nora Trevanion who used to live, like a wild creature, in a certain Witch's Cauldron on the savage West Coast.

The next day she rested at home and worked hard at her books, while Vane went out with his gun. Once or twice, when the girl came into the room to lay the cloth or see to the fire, Nora tried to speak with her, but the girl was shy, and, then she spoke such broad Scotch that Nora could scarcely understand her.

The quiet, the repose, were delightful. When Vane came home, tired and happy, and threw down a couple of brace of birds he had obtained permission to shoot on the moor, he saw that even the few hours had wrought a change for the better in her appearance. The pallor had nearly gone, the slightly weary look had entirely disappeared, and she welcomed him with the old brightness in her beautiful eyes.

"I've been hard at work, too," she said with a smile. "It won't be long before I am able to read and write, and then——" she stopped.

"Then—what?" he asked as he bent over the copies she had been laboring at.

"Never mind," she replied archly; "you will see!"

"Plenty of time," he said. Don't go and knock yourself up. I want you to rest while you are here. Hallo, here's a paper! Now who could have sent that—oh, only Sen, of course! What a thoughtful fellow he is!"

He opened it with no very keen interest or curiosity, and found a paragraph in the money columns marked with ink. It stated that the great Bendoza Mine shares were going up. With a laugh he tossed the paper aside, and fell-to at his supper.

"What is it?" asked Nora, looking at the paper wistfully.

"Oh, nothing," he said, "only a speculation of Senley Tyers' that is turning up trumps. He's a clever fellow!"

"I don't understand," she said.

"Neither do I; don't worry. Have some more of this hot cake."

That night when she went to her room she drew aside the wardrobe curtain again, and obeying a whimsical impulse, took one of the pretty print dresses from its hook and put it on; and as she stood looking at herself in the glass a curious sensation of unreality took possession of her. She felt ghost-like, and made haste to take off the dress, and with a trembling hand, replaced it in its cupboard.

The days passed. Sometimes when it was fine she went out with Vane, tramping beside him over the heather, and singing as she went. Sometimes she wandered alone over the hills to the neighboring town and made small purchases; but she liked best to sit at home at work, and make up a big fire for Vane when he returned tired and cold and hungry. It was a perfect life of companionship and friendship, an idyllic life that both he and she were gradually persuading themselves could last for ever.

Neither of them knew that the shadow of their Fate was already moving towards them!

One afternoon she was bending over her books, humming softly from sheer happiness and serenity, when she heard a step outside.

It was too early for Vane's return, and after a second's pause in her song she took it up again, and went on with her work. But the step came nearer, paused at the door, and she heard a knock.

Mrs. Burns and daughter had gone out on some errand, and Nora after a momentary hesitation, rose, and opened the door.

The day was already beginning to fail, a mist hung low over the hills. In the dusk of the glooming she saw a man in a thick ulster, with the collar turned up, and for a moment gazed at him without recognising him, then she fell back a pace, and with a vague apprehension she uttered an exclamation. It was Senley Tyers.

"Ah, Mortimer!" he said, holding out his hand as he passed her and entered the room. "Quite startled you, I'm afraid. You didn't expect me? Where is Tempest?"

She had touched his hand, and now stood regarding him with her face grown pale, and a shadow of uneasiness in her eyes.

"He is out shooting," she said. "Did—did he expect you?"

"No," he said with a smile as he took off his ulster, and went to the fire, standing with his back to it, and regarding her with a look that was a mixture of cynical amusement and cruel satisfaction at the fear his presence had aroused. "No, I happened to fancy a run up here, just to see how you were getting on, and here I am."

"Won't you sit down?" she said, trying to speak steadily and to throw some geniality and welcome into her voice.

He moved to the table and glanced at the books and copy, and smiled.

"Hard at work, I see, Mortimer," he said. "That is right. A nice quiet place to study in, you find it, don't you?"

"It is very quiet," she said. "Will you have something to eat, to drink?"

"Thanks," he said. 'A glass of whisky. When will Vane be in?"

"In about an hour," she said. "He has gone over the hills. He—he will be glad to see you."

She put his whiskey and water on the table, and he took out a cigarette and lit it. The scent of the Turkish tobacco seemed to carry back her back to London, and to intensify the vague fear with which the sudden sight of him had filled her.

"Have you learned to smoke yet Mortimer?" he asked, puffing the clouds in rings and watching them as they floated to the low ceiling.

"No," she said. "But I do not mind it—Vane smokes all the time."

"Mind it!" he echoed. "Fancy a boy objecting to tobacco!"

She winced, but kept a steadfast eye upon his mocking one.

"And so Vane will be back in an hour?" he said, sipping the whisky. "And how is he? Has the change done him good? You are looking better, Mortimer."

"I am quite well," she said coldly, as she collected the books and put them aside.

"You don't ask how I am," he said, dropping with his languid air into the chair—Vane's chair—beside the fire, and holding his thin, white hands to it.

"I hope you are well," she said. "Vane will be to see you. Are you fond of shooting? If so, you will able to go out with him. He has rented part of a moor here, and gets some birds every day."

"Thank you, Mortimer, but I couldn't hit a haystack at twenty paces. All the grouse in Scotland are safe for me; besides, I want to rest for a few days; want to lie on my back, or sit beside the fire, and take my ease. I've been traveling."

He spoke as if he expected her to ask where, and she put the question. The color had come back to her face, and she was rapidly regaining her self-possession. After all, why should she fear him? He would not stay long; a day or two, only perhaps.

"Where?" he said. "Well, I've been on the West Coast."

"The West Coast?" she repeated vaguely, and with her back to him, as she stood at the small sideboard putting away her books.

He nodded and puffed at his cigarette.

"I have a fancy for having another look at that quaint place Tempest and I were down at some months ago. A place called Trelorna. You know it, of course?"

"No," she said, her face suddenly pale.

"Oh, you forget," he said smoothly, "You told me that you did know it. Don't you remember that night at Lady Florence's?"

She looked at him over her shoulder.

"I—I forgot," she said. "Oh, yes."

"I daresay I pronounced it badly," he said. "Well, I went down there, just on the whim of the moment, and was tempted by the wildness of the place to go a little further along the coast. A savage coast it is, too, Mortimer, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, and she wondered whether her voice had suddenly grown thick or whether it was only so in her own ears.

"I found one of the quaintest, wildest places I ever saw in my life down there. It is called the Witch's Cauldron."

She dropped the pen she had taken up, and her fingers closed spasmodically.

He glanced towards her and continued in his smooth, low voice—

"There was a small cottage, quite a sea gulls' nest sort of place, half built out of an old boat, perched on the cliffs, and I made a sketch of it. It was empty and deserted."

Her hand stole to the edge of the sideboard and clutched it. He noted the movement, and a faint smile curved his lip. Mr. Senley Tyers was enjoying himself immensely.

"I wonder whether you ever saw it?"

She did not speak, and he went on as slowly and as smoothly as before—

"There was quite a history attaching to the place. It seems that there lived in it at one time, and until quite recently, a woman and her neice, a Mrs. Trevanion and a girl called Nora."

He paused, dropped the end of the cigarette from his languid fingers, lit a fresh one, and leaning back with his hands behind his head, watched her from beneath his half closed lids.

"They were—ridiculous as it sounds—smugglers! Fancy! How long they had been living there I didn't ascertain; but it seems that the poor girl was drowned by the upsetting of a boat—she was on an absurd smuggling expedition, I imagine—and the aunt left the place and went to Australia, California, Jericho. Sad story, isn't it? I assure you, my dear Mortimer, that the wild place quite touched me. You know, I daresay, that I am rather romantic. We artists always are. But I beg your pardon; I'm afraid I've been telling you a story you must know already or did you leave the place before this sad accident happened?"

She faced round and confronted him. The firelight fell upon her white face and dark, flashing eyes. Her lips were set tightly, her dark brows gathered in a straight line.

As he looked at her as she stood at bay the artist predominated in him, and yielded her a reluctant admiration.

"By heaven she is splendid!" he murmured. "If I could only paint her now!"

The pause lasted for a full minute; then she opened her lips, and in a low voice the words "You know?" fell from them.

He smiled up at her—a smile of sardonic confidence and triumph.

"Of course I know!" he returned in a kind of purr.

"When? How long ago?" she breathed.

He arched his brows.

"Since the night of the dinner party at Lady Florence's?"

She put her hand to her lips as if to steady them. The room seemed to spin round. She staggered slightly, and he rose and moved towards her. In an instant she had recovered and recoiling from him she caught up the knife with which she had been sharpening a pencil, and raised her arm ready to strike him.

"Keep back!" she breathed. "Do not touch me!"

He thrust his hands in his pockets, and shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating smile.

"My dear girl, my dear Nora," he said, "you are making a great mistake! You are treating me as a foe! I am your friend, believe me. Do you understand?—your friend! Come, come!" His voice sank to a soothing, coaxing murmur. "Come and sit down and listen to me. Keep your knife if you like, and, after you have listened to me, stick it into the breast of the friend who has come to save you!"

"To save me?" she echoed unconsciously.

"Yes," he said with quiet emphasis, "to save you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SETTLING A QUESTION OF SEX.—"Yonder she comes!" said a tall, lank man, who was sitting on a seat in the shade of the station building.

"Yonder comes who?" asked a fat, good-natured looking man, who sat near him.

"The train we've been waiting for nearly half an hour," said the first speaker.

"Why do you say 'yonder she comes'?" asked the other.

"Well, that's the customary way of speaking of a train, isn't it? And custom is what fixes things. Everybody says 'yonder she comes,' in speaking of a train's approach."

"Well, I insist you should have said 'yonder he comes,'" said the fat man.

"Oh, pahaw! nobody ever says 'he' in speaking of a train," returned the lean man.

"Well, I'll agree to leave it to the station-master and see if it wouldn't have been better for you to have said 'yonder he comes," added the fat man.

Both agreed to it, and when they had found the station-master the fat man asked—

"What is the sex of the train just drawing near to the station?"

"It's a mail train," answered he.

And the lean man forthwith went out and bought a good cigar for the fat man.

BUSINESS.—A glowing imagination is of value to the poet and novelist; it is of little use however in business. Fact in trade must take the place of fancy if success is to be obtained. Business must have a solid foundation, otherwise no progress can be made. Arithmetic is an important factor. The agent or merchant who neglects figures neglects a most essential point. Mere conjecture and surmise are poor elements in business, when everything should proceed on the principle of cause and effect. Theory must be reduced to practice, and practice the undeviating method established, as the result of cool calculation. Romance and the multiplication-table never agree, as fancy profits are always larger than actual gains. Too often are men lured into outside speculation through the idea of large profits. In imagination they are rich already. They discount the future at the very beginning, and plan for ease and comfort on the visions of a speedy fortune.

HER FACE.

BY W. W. L.

I stood in the ball-room's crowded glare,
  Watching her white patrician face;
Jewels gleamed on her brow of snow,
  And at her breast in the creamy lace,
She was perfect, pure and sweet,
  From her eyes of gray to her dainty shoe;
Hiding my soul 'neath careless laugh,
  I watched while her foot beat soft tattoo.

I hid my soul under laughing mask,
  Away from the gaze of the merry crowd;
My heart was cold as the marble floor,
  It will never be colder in its shroud.
I watched her there in the whirl of the waltz,
  She'd forgotten him who loved her best;
The old love days and the old love dreams,
  The old love pledge and the old love rest.

The Serpent's Chest.

BY A. F. A.

CHAPTER I.

THE thing is utterly impossible. I tell you no man living could do it unless he had the power of sleeping in a coffin for ten days at a stretch, as those Indian fakir chaps have."

It was after dinner, and things were getting flat. Our host, a doctor, had been suddenly called away to attend a distinguished Senator, who had just got lead-poisoned—Anglice, shot—by a rival politician; and he had left us, with profuse apologies, to our own devices.

The result was dreary. It was a bachelor party; and with no especial call to the drawing-room, we had elected to stay where we were—actuated, I suppose, by a barbarian affection for the site of the feast which had passed away.

Socially speaking, we were an extremely heavy assembly. We numbered amongst us two men in their anecdotage, one who only used his tongue for the benefit of the other sex, and seven others who had no sympathies in common. Each had offered his quota for the amusement of the others, and each as he spoke was voted more unentertaining than his predecessors.

Mr. Hiram K. Spicer had given us many *details of the stamps*, flumes, elevators, and other plant of the "Roaring Thieves" gold mine (Sierra Nevada, Cal.), and had shown conclusively, and entirely to his own satisfaction, if not to ours, why it was necessary for the cashier of the company to bolt and ruin half the shareholders.

Mr. Spence, an attaché of the British embassy, had explained at great length the reason why his Government ought, by virtue of the Berlin Treaty, to supervise the Sultan of Turkey's meat bill, and prevent the Sublime Porte from erecting new music-halls—or custom-houses, was it?—in Armenia.

Mr. Silas M. Reedmaker, of Pittsburg, Pa., had quoted from memory a most exhaustive table of specific gravities of the paraffine products yielded by the wells in his neighborhood; and had deducted therefrom, by the aid of his pencil and a menu-card, the probable size of certain vesicular hollows which he had shown to exist within the earth's crust.

Mr. Abel B. Ore, a Philadelphia financier, had delivered a spirited threnody on the late corner in silver, and had wound up his remarks by a solid lecture on the evils of bi-metalism.

And a stout gentleman from Cincinnati was endeavoring to show three of us how foolish it was of the Jews to eschew the chief product of his native town, when Travison's uplifted voice was heard from the other end of the table:

"You don't know how to suspend animation like that, I take it?"

Travison was chief officer of the steamship "Elsinore," a Transatlantic liner. He was a slight man, very prettily built, very wiry, and always extremely well-dressed. At sea, his voice was high-pitched and penetrating. On shore, it was delicately modulated, and soft as a woman's.

So that when we heard him raise his tones, we knew that he was excited. And having that knowledge, we ceased to attend to the pork prince, and looked up with animation and expectation; for Travison was never known to show excitement on shore before.

The man he was talking to was Burgoyne, a fellow currently reported to be a millionaire, and who was certainly known to make more mad bets than any one else in New York city.

What is further, his wagers were always for huge sums, and he was invariably the winner, so you will understand that when Travison raised his voice to say that a thing was impossible and Burgoyne had offered to bet that it wasn't, we forgot all about the proposed Hebrew colony at Porkopolis, and turned our eyes towards the end of the table.

The two disputants did not notice us. They had slewed round their chairs to face one another; and though Travison was sober as a judge, I think the American had just about as much under hatches as he could carry—though, mind you, none of his wits had gone astray, and perhaps some of his boisterousness was put on, simply for the purpose of making the other man lose his habitual caution.

"I don't bet as a usual thing," Travison was saying.

"A very wise thing," replied Burgoyne. "It is a risky game for those who haven't much pluck, and people who lose say it's a very wicked game. Personally, I don't see much harm in it. But then, perhaps, I'm prejudiced; for, you see, I'm an invariable winner myself when I can get any one plucky enough to bet with me. Here's luck to your next trip across the pond," he continued, lifting his glass. "You have a sweep on the daily run, I suppose? I'll stand in with you if you like to invest a quarter some time."

"I don't bet as a usual thing, Mr. Burgoyne; but I should like to have a wager with you about this, if it's only to change your luck and knock some of the conceit out of you."

"I never punt for dimes," said Burgoyne, insignificantly, "and this job isn't worth doing for nothing."

Travison flushed slightly.

"I understand your meaning," said he. "Will fourteen thousand pounds tempt you? Call it seventy thousand dollars, in round figures."

"Is that your pile?" asked the American, with a sneer.

"Yes; that's my pile, as you gracefully term it," rejoined Travison, who, I could see, was keeping his temper with an effort.

"Can you put it on the table?"

"No, sir, I can't. I don't carry my capital about with me like a poker sharp. But Henderson here will bear me out that I am good for that amount. Won't you?"

I nodded, and tried to pass him a frown of caution, for I knew the man he was dealing with, thouroughly, and did not wish to see my friend and fellow-countryman ruined through an after-dinner boast; though, as yet, I had no notion of its nature. But he ignored my look, and went on:

"Now, Mr. Burgoyne, I'm rather hazy about odds and those sort of things; and though, from your assurance, you ought, perhaps, to give me the advantage, I'll waive that, and we will make it an even bet of seventy thousand dollars, if that suits you. I won't insult you by asking if your credit is equal to that amount."

"Done," said Burgoyne; and after they had shaken hands over it, the American drew from his pocket a natty morocco-leather bound book, and made a pencil note of it.

But that rough-and-ready mode of agreement did not suit the sailor.

"Look here," said he, "we'll do the thing ship-shape whilst we are about it. Henderson, you know both of us. Will you draw up a statement of the bet in black and white, and then we'll sign it?"

"If you wish me to. But had you not better ask Mr. Stone here? He's a lawyer, and he'd do the thing law-fashion, which, all things considered, is perhaps better and surer than ship-fashion."

"No, with all due respect to Mr. Stone, I would rather have you. I don't know him, and I do know you; and I know where to find you. That is, if you don't object, Burgoyne?"

"Henderson's a white man, and good enough for me," said the American, with a nod over his tumbler.

"But I didn't hear what the bet was about," said I, "unless it has something to do with coffins and trances."

Travison gave a short laugh, and said:

"Oh, I thought you had been listening. Well, the matter was this. Burgoyne says we steamship people could never prevent a smart man getting a free passage on board however hard we tried; and I say we could, with proper precautions. Whereupon he retorts that he could stow away on the 'Elsinore' if he wished to, and not be discovered till the tender came off at Queenstown; and I say that the thing is impossible if I keep a bright lookout for him. And so we are each going to back our own opinion."

"It seems a foolish matter," said I; "but I suppose you are both old enough to know your own business best, and so I'll draw up the document for you, if Burgoyne wishes."

"Fire away," said Burgoyne, and I went up to a side table, and wrote on a sheet of note-paper as follows:

"Basil Burgoyne bets Charles Travison seventy thousand dollars that he can get a free passage on the steamship 'Elsinore' across the Atlantic. If Travison can lay hands on him in Queenstown Harbor, Burgoyne pays. If, on the other hand, Burgoyne can travel that far without being detected by Travison, then Travison pays."

I handed it across to Burgoyne, and he read it out.

"My good Henderson," he said, "if I felt inclined for a sharp practice, Travison would be badly left if he signed his name to this. Why, man alive, my particular friend, Jerrold, who is one of the directors of the Steamship Company, would give me a free pass in a moment if I asked for one, and then, by all the rules of equity, I could ask for the stakes."

I felt very angry at myself for making the blunder, and looked, I suspect, tolerably foolish, for there was a broad grin all round the room.

"Better give Stone his two dollars and a half, and do the thing decently, if it's to be done at all," remarked the Cincinnati man.

Stone laughed, and said:

"Insert the words 'as a genuine stowaway, and without favor from officers or owners,' after 'Atlantic,' and then it will be fair enough, and legal enough too for all practical purposes."

And so that I did, passing the fresh copy to Travison for inspection. He read it through, took a sixpenny stamp from his pocket-book, and affixed it at the foot of the page, saying:

"There is a charter party stamp, and if we sign our names across that, 'twill be legal enough for the Bar of both continents to look at."

So they subscribed their names, and the document was given into my charge, and Burgoyne asked when the "Elsinore" was going to sail.

"Saturday," said Travison, "about midday."

"And this is Monday. Well, don't let me make your life a burden to you. You needn't trouble to look out for me before Thursday. I'll report myself to you then."

"Thanks," said the sailor. "I must say you are behaving very well over this. I should never have twigged that slip about the free passage. Look here, I'll make an offer. If you do manage to get on board, you'll want some clothes at the other end, whether I catch you or whether I don't. So pack a portmanteau, and I'll take charge of it for you."

"Really, you are very good," replied the American, "and I'll gladly avail myself of your kindness. A bag shall be sent down to the ship before she sails."

They were wonderfully polite to one another now that preliminaries had been settled. It was ever thus. Two men will use every nasty word in their vocabulary for half an hour, and then when their friends have interposed and arranged for them to fight a duel, they will speak nothing but the most polished pleasantries, till one or the other is comfortably killed.

But though Travison's politeness was induced by pure gratitude for his adversary's large-mindedness in the "free passage" incident, I saw beneath Burgoyne's bluff civility a shrewd foreknowledge that he was entering into the contest as a certain victor.

He drank his liquor with a self-satisfied smirk, and said that he had been thinking of taking a run across to London for some time, to do the theatres, and this bet decided him. If any of us happened to be over there, he'd stand the best dinner money could produce, just in memory of to-day.

"You haven't got the money yet," observed Spicer, "and gambling's an uncertain business."

"It's more certain than speculating in your gold-mine shares, Mr. Spicer. Come, if you think Travison is going to win, why don't you back him?"

"Will you give me odds?"

"No; but I'll lay evens in what you like. Come, that's a reasonable offer. You can take it, or leave it."

"Put ten thousand pounds down to Hiram K. Spicer," said that worthy by way of retort.

I noticed that Travison looked rather annoyed as this wager was booked, for, of course, the larger the sum Buagoyne stood to win, the greater would be his efforts to carry it to a successful issue. But as the sailor said nothing I did not feel called upon to interfere, and Burgoyne had entered a twenty thousand dollars bet to the pork prince, and another ten thousand dollars to the Philadelphia banker, before he closed his book. Then looking up he addressed them all.

"Look here, gentlemen. There's a sum of one hundred and ten thousand dollars piled up over this affair, and strait-laced people might call that gambling. Now, Dr. Stanley, in whose house we are, is by no means a Puritan; but it wouldn't do for him to countenance such a raise as this. It would ruined his practice if it became known. You are all men of the world. Half the old women in New York City would firmly believe that he had instigated the whole affair, if any of the facts were let drop. So I must ask you one and all to keep your own counsel on the matter for the present. When it has all blown over, you may gossip about it as much as you please, so long as Stanley's name and house are omitted from the yarn; but for the present it had better not come out at all."

We pledged our several words to silence; but I was rather puzzled as to his object in avoiding publicity. That it was for some motive of self-interest, and not for Dr. Stanley's sake, I felt sure.

Burgoyne loved to be pilloried in the papers. To pose before his numerous admirers as the hero of some fresh adventure, was meat and drink to him.

And as Stanley, who disliked his bluster, had only asked him to dinner because Spence wished to meet, I calculated that Mr. Basil Burgoyne's generous interest in the doctor's welfare was merely a blind for something else. But what his scheme was I could not discover.

The party broke up soon after this, and as Travison had a second engagement, I did not get another word with him.

CHAPTER II.

FOR the next three days I was too much immersed in business to give the wager more than a passing thought. A party of politicians, no more corrupt, perhaps, than American politicians usually are, had been paid their price by interested capitalists, and had accordingly chosen to consider that their country's weal demanded a re-adjustment of certain tariffs.

The other politicians of the same party, actuated by that untarnished honor which exists amongst thieves, and expecting a similar good turn when their own time came, backed their brethren up; and, in consequence, a bill passed through Congress which put what was intended to be a prohibitive duty on a certain import in which I was interested.

For the sake of the argument, we will say that the import was artificial teeth. But though the artificial teeth of American manufacture were cheaper, still the English artificial teeth were better than the American samples—better even than the teeth grown on individual premises; and so, despite the heavy tax, the demand would not be much decreased.

Yet all the same, the re-adjustment of the artificial tooth trade is a weighty matter on account of its very vastness; and so, what with counting the enormous number of barrels I had in stock, and framing new contracts with the American tooth-dealers, and one thing and another, for these three days I was up to the eyes in work.

On the Friday afternoon a cable was handed in to me from our world-famed artificial tooth factory in England. It bade me cross over to Staffordshire before the end of the month, and naturally I determined to go by the "Elsinore."

She was not a fast boat, but tolerably comfortable as ocean steamers go, and her Captain always kept a decent table. Besides, there was every likelihood of there being plenty to enliven the dreary passage. So I took the cars down to the Steamship Company's offices and went in, thinking it best to secure a berth in person, so as to be certain of a good choice.

I was rather surprised to find Burgoyne talking to the head clerk, and I think he was surprised to see me, and not over pleased either, for a shade of annoyance crossed his face. However, he was too old a poker-player not to have a good command over his features, and turning round with a cheery smile, asked me how I did before I could get a word in.

"I'm off to London some time soon, and I did think of crossing in one of their ships," he said, with a backward nod at the clerk; "but that slow old tub, the 'Elsinore,' is the next to sail, and her small cabins don't suit me where there is anything better to be had. What are you up to? Come to try for new freights to counteract the new tariff?"

"No, the tariff does me no harm, in fa

the reverse, and I'm going over to England to arrange for larger supplies. I happened to be after a berth in the very ship you were talking about. She'll suit me well enough. I'm not so fastidious as you are, and not so lengthy either. A man of your size wants good roomy quarters to stow himself away in with any degree of comfort."

He looked down complacently at his huge limbs.

"Oh, I can stow away small if needs must; but when there's no particular necessity for it, I have a strong objection to being cribbed and confined in your pill-box cabin. It's almost as bad as going as a bona-fide stowaway."

"A man of your size would make a rum sort of stowaway, Mr. Burgoyne," said the head clerk, with a laugh, in which we joined.

"I'm sorry you are not coming by the 'Elsinore,'" said I. "Her chief officer is a very good fellow. You know him—Travison?"

"Oh, yes, I know him. Very good fellow indeed, isn't he? There, ta-ta; I can't wait."

And he was gone.

"Of course, it's no use my cracking up our ships to you, Mr. Henderson," said the clerk, as the baize-covered door swung to. "You know all about them, and so I'll freely own that we've faster and better fitted boats than the 'Elsinore.' And so have other companies for the matter of that, though she is a lot dryer and more comfortable in dirty weather than many of the new ones. But," he continued, with a smile, "I don't think it was the knowledge of the 'Elsinore' being next on the roster that caused Mr. Burgoyne to say he'd wait for another week. He asked to look at the passenger-list, and saw that at present there are only three names down—a father, mother, and son. He likes plenty of company, does Mr. Burgoyne, and would rather wait a week or two than cross in a boat that will perhaps never have a pack of cards on her table during the whole run. You see, the elder passenger is a Methodist New Connexion Minister going over on a preaching tour, and he wouldn't be of Mr. Burgoyne's cut at all. But, as I told him, the season is too late for a full passenger list. Why, we've only got twelve names down for the steerage so far, and I should be a bit surprised if we got another half-dozen altogether. Not that it matters to us though; for with freights what they are now, dead cargo's a sight better paying than live."

"Did he ask about that, then?"

"He did, and he didn't. He asked a question or two, and I told him just what I've been telling you. The 'Elsinore' will have her lower decks pretty well packed. Most of her steerage berths will be replaced with cargo, and most of her cabin berths will be empty."

"'Cute man," I thought, "knows exactly beforehand how the lands lie. But he will have to be lively if he intends to slip on board. She sails to-morrow." And then, addressing myself to the cabin-plan which the clerk laid before me, I chose quarters I had occupied previously, and went out into the street again.

It was five o'clock, and as I had nothing special on hand till dinner at seven, I determined to drive down to the docks and relieve Travison's anxiety by telling him that all was safe so far.

I found him standing by a gangway, looking listlessly at a big iron-bound packing-case that the quay crane was just hoisting on board. He greeted me cordially, and still more cordially when he learned that we should be companions for the next ten days.

"I wish I'd known Burgoyne was at large before, though," he added. "I kept an anchor-watch all last night; and as I've been here on deck all this day, and have to-night and to-morrow to look forward to, the chances are that I shall be pretty tolerably knocked up before we get to sea."

"Why not get one of the crew to take your place?"

"I have got two already; but I'm playing for a large stake, old man, and I'm just going to see this through with my own eyes, if they'll stay open."

For a couple of minutes we kept silence, watching the winch-men lower crate after crate, and packing-case after packing-case, into the yawning chasms before us. And then I asked:

"Shall you be pretty full?"

"Down to Plimsoll's mark. And as it will be nearly all dead weight, she'll ride a bit heavy if it comes on to blow, as well it may, now that the equinoctials are about. But you are good enough sailor not to mind that?"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of myself in the least. My stomach has made its peace with the stormy seas long ago. But it struck me that the more of these solid boxes and bales you have in your holds, the less chance there is of any one hiding in them. Those stevedores utilize every cubic inch of room."

"Quite true. They've battened down the lower hold already—look down the hatch; you will see the tarpaulin—and one of my men assured me that there was not room for a rat to hide in it. Besides, however tightly cargo is jammed, it always shifts a little in a sea-way, and any one who was down amongst it would inevitably be crushed to death, if indeed he was not stifled for want of air before we got under weigh. But no one in his senses would ever dream of trying to stow away down there. Bye-the-bye, when do you come on board? To-morrow morning?"

"To-morrow morning, I suppose. The berths would not be ready to-night, would they?"

"You can have my place, if you'll sleep here. I shan't want it. Or, stay—what is your number?"

"Eighteen."

"Then that's the steward who looks after you—that chap with the knobbly head who has just rushed out of the deck-house. You must remember him clearly enough; he's unique in his way. Williams! here."

"Yessir," said Williams, scudding up, and touching his forehead. "Hafternoon, Mr. 'Enderson, sir; 'ope you're well?" Comin' hover wi' us?"

"Yes," said Travison, "Mr. Henderson is coming with us; and I want you to get number eighteen ready, so that he may sleep here to-night."

"Yessir," said Williams, touching his head to the pair of us, and departing rapidly.

Williams was always in a hurry. Perhaps the constant bustling about had something to do with those queer bumps on his bald head. I never saw such bumps on any other head. Neither have I ever come across such another bustler as Williams.

Travison and I had four or five more minutes' desultory chat, and then I left, promising to be back by eleven o'clock.

CHAPTER III.

IT was much past eleven before I reached the ship. The drive should have taken thirty or thirty-five minutes; but a dense fog had come on, and my poor, blundering Jehu did not get to the dock much before midnight. He had been walking at his horse's head, lamp in hand, feeling his way along the edge of the side-walk, and the cavalcade had perforce been obliged to progress at a snail's pace.

I paid my fare, shouldered my bag, and passed through the ware-shed opposite to where the "Elsinore" was lying. But even then I could not see her. She did not loom through the fog, she was simply invisible; and I groped my way over the littered paving-stones with the pleasant foreknowledge that at any moment I might drop down twenty feet into the dirty water below.

However, the precise whereabouts of the steamer was pretty firmly fixed in my mind, as a bang from a crane-chain had given me some bearings, and, after damaging shins and temper both over innumerable pieces of merchandise, I came across a gang-plank at last, and walked up it. But as I gained the deck, a large fist gripped my coat and a gruff, sea-hoarsened voice bawled out, "Got un, by thunder!"

There was a patter of feet along the greasy planks; a lantern flashed, and Travison's voice said:

"Hullo, it's you? All right, Marline, this is Mr. Henderson, one of the passengers."

"Sorry for manhandlin' yer so roughlike, Mr. 'Enderson, sir," growled Marline, in whose throat the fog was evidently playing havoc. "I thought you was the other Johnnie, an' I'd grabbed ten quid. Will I take this yer portmantle below, sir?"

"Yes," said Travison, "and put it in No. 18. Here's the key of the companion. Lock it from the inside, and be back again as soon as you can."

The man went off on his errand, and the chief officer turned to me.

"It's just the night for any one to creep on board: but there are four of us on the lookout, and, as I've got every hatch and skylight and door that leads below safely locked, there ought not to be very much danger. But still I can't help feeling abominably anxious and fidgety. What are you going to do with yourself? Turn in?"

"No; I shall stay with you, at any rate for awhile. And the dock authorities notwithstanding, I'm going to try and neutralize the effects of this foul atmosphere with some cigar smoke. By-the-way, how is it that you are not taking in cargo? Full already?"

"Those confounded lumpers have struck. The brutes get two dollars and a half for a short day, and they want three for less work, which the dock company naturally refuse to give. It means delay, of course; and at another time I shouldn't care an atom; but now it is different, for every extra minute we are here gives Burgoyne so much the more chance to smuggle himself on board. Listen, there's somebody moving about. Oh, all right, it's only Marline."

"But don't the mails compel you to sail at a stated time?"

"We are not bound to go till the first tide on Sunday morning, and probably we shall hang on till then in the hopes that some of these ragamuffins may see fit to return to their work. But the Knights of Labor—— hullo, what's that? Oars, by Jason! Here, you stay and guard this gangway."

And off he darted through the block of fog towards the port side.

I, on my part, heard a curious sense of impotence, the muffled footsteps of some one moving cautiously amongst the raffle on the wharf. But as the darkness was so intense that my own feet were invisible to me, a straining ear was the only organ to be relied upon.

The wanderer, whoever he or she might be, suddenly became quiet; and I was beginning to speculate as to whether he had sat down, or gone into the ware-shed, or climbed on board the "Elsinore," when Travison returned.

"It was only some men in a Danish bark at the other side of the dock taking out a warp. Another scare all for nothing. And here am I for the fiftieth time since those dockers left, all in a cold perspiration. Good heavens, Henderson, you don't know what this business means! I wouldn't do it again for twice the money. A second dose would drive me into a lunatic asylum."

Marline came up again and took charge of the gangway, and we two felt our way about the decks, searching the boats, and sending lantern-rays into every nook and cranny.

"Why don't you warp her off from the dock-wall, and lie out in the middle?" I asked, as a sudden inspiration seized me. "We can't possibly keep a satisfactory watch along a boat of four hundred feet in all this murky blackness."

"No, worse luck. I thought of that this afternoon; but just as I was casting off my headfasts, a big steamer came in inside, and we were obliged to stay in order to keep the berth. You can't see her now, because of this infernal fog; but she is there fast enough—a dirty, lubberly Brazilian—and of course her people add to the confusion by making a turnpike road across our decks."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENERGY.—Energy is of two kinds—physical and mental—and both may be affected favorably or unfavorably by what we call comfort. For instance, food, raiment, and shelter of some sort are necessities to life itself. The poorest and most insufficient may keep a man alive, but cannot make him strong or vigorous. But let the food be nourishing and plentiful, the raiment adapted to the climate, the house staunch and sanitary, the surroundings clean and sweet, and they have done their work in ministering to the health of the average man and woman. Beyond this of course lies a large area, in which taste, refinement, and wealth have full sway. There is however a very practical and reasonable limit which each of us ought to set for himself—i. e., how far are all these things increasing and developing one's physical and mental energy? For, as surely as there is a point up to which they are necessary to maintain both, so surely is there another point beyond which they will tend to decrease both.

LIGHTING UP THE NORTH POLE.—Such is the intention of Lieutenant Peary and party if and when they reach it. He is, at any rate, the first Arctic explorer who has taken with him the means of providing the electric light.

The party have a steam launch, the engine of which is portable, and by connecting it with their dynamo, they will be able to light up twenty glow lamps.

Another novelty in the procedure of these explorers by which they hope to make the time pass pleasantly is a phonograph in which they intend to record the dialect and some of the peculiar songs and chants of the Eskimo.

SO PREVALENT AND SO FATAL HAS CONSUMPTION become, that it is now everywhere dreaded as the great scourge of humanity. And yet, in their formative stages, all Pulmonary Complaints may be readily relieved and controlled by resorting promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant—a curative specially adapted to soothe and strengthen the Bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and loosen and remove all obstructions. It is a certain remedy for Asthma, and also for Coughs and Colds.

Scientific and Useful.

TRUCKS.—A scheme is broached in Germany of employing electricity to move heavy trucks and drays. This is merely a development of the electric carriage idea, which has been successfully used in that country for several years.

PAPER PULP.—One of the difficulties which have stood in the way of the substitution of paper pulp for wood in the manufacture of pencils has been the toughness of the paper covering, and its consequent resistance to the action of a knife, but, by a new process which has lately been introduced, the molecular cohesion of the paper is modified in such a manner that it can be cut as easily as cedar wood.

FOR GUTTA PERCHA.—Another substitute for gutta percha has been discovered in South America, being in the form of a fluid of solidifying properties. It is insoluble in water, and hardens and softens with cold and heat. It will retain any moulded shape, can be cut into very thin sheets, and will take the minutest impression upon its surface. It is derived from a plant growing wild in the Concan district.

THE TELEPHONE FOR DIVERS.—The telephone is now used by deep water divers. A receiver and transmitter combined is affixed to the inside of the helmet near the diver's ear. By a slight turn of his head he can speak into the telephone and he can hear readily from it at all times. Its value in deep-sea work, for reporting progress or receiving instructions, is clear. Formerly the only communication was by a system of pulls at a cord.

ELECTRICITY.—Trees are felled by electricity in the great forests of Galicia. For cutting comparatively soft wood, the tool is in the form of an auger, which is mounted on a carrriage, and is moved to and fro and revolved at the same time by a small electric motor. As the cut deepens, wedges are inserted to prevent the rift from closing, and when the tree is nearly cut through, an ax or hand saw is used to finish the work. In this way trees are felled very rapidly and with very little labor.

Farm and Garden.

FEEDING.—Feed hay in racks on the floor, rather than have the racks high, as the animals will eat with more comfort and waste less.

THE BEST.—You cannot expect the very best results from your season's work, unless you use some forethought in adapting your crops to your land. Each field on the farm has some especial use to which it is best fitted for the coming year. Find out what this is by intelligent consideration of the soil, the past rotation and the needs of the proposed crop, and then you can go ahead with safety.

GRASS.—English dairyman have come to the conclusion that a grass farm is not the best for their business. On an arable farm they can get a succession of crops which are the best dairy food, and can procure 50 per cent. more food suited to dairy cows than by keeping the same area in grass. This, and the English method of feeding, by which root crops and soiling are made to play a prominent part, are worth consideration by our own dairyman.

LIME.—Every farmer should use lime. It costs so little compared with the benefits imparted to the soil by it that to omit it is to sustain a loss. Many of the advantages derived from artificial fertilizers may be traced to the lime contained, yet a higher price is paid for lime in such form. Even on limestone soils a benefit is noticeable when lime is applied, and for all kinds of hay crops lime is the best fertiliser in proportion to cost that can be used.

CARE OF HORSES.—Give horses water before feeding. In France some worthless horses were killed for dissection on purpose to determine the effect of giving water immediately after eating, and some of the grain was found undigested in the intestines, twenty feet beyond the stomach, and it had caused inflammation of the mucous membrane. In driving, water often, giving only a little at a time. Give a horse all it will drink when on the road, and it will perspire more and not drive so well as if it has a quart or two every few miles.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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On Good Manners.

The word "lady" and "gentleman" have a wonderful vitality. They have been misused perhaps more than any two words in the language; and yet their essential meaning is understood by almost everybody in a degree that makes explanation seem blundering and unnecessary.

When we hear a working-man say of some one whom he has known well, "Ah, he was a gentleman!" we may feel sure that it is not birth, or wealth, or generosity, or affability alone that is meant, but a mixture of dignity, good manners, thoughtful consideration and kindness, and that these qualities are judged independently of birth, wealth or position.

It is the same with the term "lady." The words are often loosely applied for purposes of flattery; but, for all that, the speakers have their ideal, which cannot be reached unless the people described are without reproach in their treatment of others. We approach this ideal of conduct by steps marked "ladylike" and "gentlemanly." A ladylike girl is one who has the air of a lady and may be found to be a lady on further acquaintance; and a gentlemanly person is of pleasing appearance and address, but requires to be known to the very heart of him before he is awarded the full title of a gentleman.

The two words "lady" and "gentleman" signify exactly similar qualities, with divergences suitable only to difference in sex; so we may save repetition by writing only of one and supposing both to be understood. A lady or gentleman has the instinct for doing what is kind, appropriate, and right in all circumstances.

Gentlemen fall into three varieties. Some are well bred; others grow from grade to grade until they become undistinguishable from men who have had every advantage of birth and breeding; and there are others who are gentlemen at heart, through sensitive feeling, though they may never cease to belong to a narrow class in outward appearance.

The qualities we have in mind are not the prerogative of any social set; they are probably born as possibilities in about equal profusion over all classes of society, with some slight hereditary advantage in families that spring from generations of leisure and refinement. We admire the ease and grace, the unforced tone, the self-possession, the manly frankness, the courtly kindness of young Blueblood, in contrast with the self-assertive jealous fuss of the moneyed man who is trying hard to make good his position and to command the respect which the other has won; but it would be a mistake to imagine that the gentlemanliness of the one is necessarily characteristic of his position, or that there are not in every department of human enterprise rising young fellows who are gentlemen in every way, although they would not have passed muster at the beginning of their career—nay, if we go into the ranks of the hardest workers who have a name for roughness and want of manners we shall find no scanty sprinkling of men who are inherently courteous, thoughtful, and who have the essentials if not the outward show of gentlemanliness.

But, while there is nothing more delightful than the graceful manners of those who conform to the ideal of the gentleman which society has slowly evolved—an evolution which, according to one writer, is the most conspicuous fact in modern history—it must not be forgotten that in tens of thousands who make no pretensions to a knowledge of etiquette there is an innate refinement and delicacy of conduct which as fully entitles them to be called ladies or gentlemen as the best-bred people in the land.

There is no feature in the life of the poor which is more remarkable than the care with which they abstain from hurting each other's pride. Even the oddest foibles are often thoughtfully respected. While it is true that a great many live a life devoid of all sense of beauty, and some glory in being rough and coarse, there will be found, in most unpromising circumstances, instances of a considerate study of the wishes and habits and prejudices of others that is an evidence of the rarest of good manners.

We could find miners, sailors, iron-workers, and farm-laborers by the score who are fit for any society, and that chiefly through natural refinement and a quick desire not to offend. They would be guided clear of pitfalls by an unerring taste, much as the Turk who has never entered an American drawing-room or seen an American lady will go through the ordeal of a visit without once offending against any of the rules of society, though he does not know them. His natural dignity, self-possession, quick powers of imitation, and sensitiveness to what is pleasing will serve him as well as a lifetime of training.

The reverse side of the shield—the spectacle of those who try to be ladies or gentlemen and who fail either because they have a wrong conception of the part or because they have not the capacity for culture to begin with—is one of the most unpleasant of subjects. The sham gentleman, with his wealth, dress, noise, and ostentation, trying to force the game which he does not understand, is read by all the world like a book. He forgets that the only title to gentlehood is that set out long ago by Chaucer—"he is gentle that doth gentle deeds." It is hardly possible to do gentle deeds without being a gentleman.

"How near to good is what is fair!" said Ben Jonson, and gracious manners are so fair that men are always inclined to give credit for genuine goodness when they see the outward signs. There is no nearer way to confidence and popularity than by cultivating the habitual considerateness that marks the gentleman, though, if real kindness of heart be not felt, the flaw that is covered by veneer will soon be apparent; for the truest type of the gentleman is limited to those who allow a thoughtful and tender nature to shine through graceful manners.

To weed the garden of the heart of jealousy, scornfulness, and conceit is the first step towards noble manners, so that upon the fruitful soil of a sweet and tolerant nature kindness, magnanimity and sympathy may grow. When the heart is right, the gloss of etiquette is easily added, and must be added if character is to be complete.

Gruffness and bluntness are not necessarily signs of honesty and heartiness, as our forefathers seemed to suppose. Kindness can be quite as easily handed to our friends as flung in their faces. Good manners are a distinction open to all who like to help themselves; and each of us may be a lady or a gentleman if we have in our nature spiritual stuff of a sufficient fineness of fibre.

THAT parent loves well but not wisely and is doing wrong who gives unearned rewards to the idle and selfish boy or the fretting girl. If the boy fails to prove half spoiled on becoming a man, it is in spite of his early training. The chances are that he will be wilful, besides idle and selfish. But an early environment of industry, obedience, thought, and faithful religious training can train the will in such a way as to modify natural bad qualities and reinforce natural good qualities, and lead to the acquiring of new good ones.

THERE is often a strong reason why a person prefers his own plan or line of conduct, for it may be one which he is not willing to proclaim. Twenty good arguments adduced for an opposite course may be outweighed by the one which is paramount in his own mind; yet, if he do not wish for any reason to make it public, he is open to the charge of being unreasonable. No one has a right to put another in so awkward a dilemma.

No old custom can be overturned and no new one adopted in a day. Public opinion must grow, and growth is never a sudden process. He who realizes this will also realize the benefits of intelligent, not cowardly compromise—one that shall not delay his own steps, but shall lead others gently to follow them.

SOME are endowed with good temper in a much greater degree than others. The gift can however be increased by the effort to cultivate it. Each one can nourish it in himself if he only comes to appreciate its value sufficiently. Let the motive be present and the sacrifice will be forthcoming.

IF you love others, they will love you; if you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love and hatred with hatred. Would you hear sweet and pleasant echoes, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

HE that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore, be sure you look to that, and in the next place look to your health; and if you have it, praise God and value it next to a good conscience.

THE heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation; and men walk up composedly to the most perilous enterprises, beckoned onward by the shades of the brave that were.

IN cases of doubtful morality it is usual to say, "Is there any harm in doing this?" This question may sometimes be best answered by asking ourselves another, "Is there any harm in letting it alone?"

How easy is the thought, in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion! How hard is the fulfilling of the thought in the face of a thousand toilsome difficulties!

EXPERIENCE is the best teacher; he who forestalls and restrains her instruction robs the learner of some of the richest lessons life contains.

ONE good deed is a constant incentive to others. One achievement but prepares the way for further attainments.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LEO.—Birds' skins and wings are preserved with what is called an unction, composed largely of arsenic.

MARIANA.—To say "Everyone went but I," would be correct, but to say, "Everyone went but myself," would be more elegant.

F. T. S.—There are 3,424 known languages or dialects in the world, 937 Asiatic, 587 European, 376 African, and 1,624 American.

BEGINNER.—A man may write from 220 to 250 words per minute with shorthand, but he rarely requires to exceed 120 to 150 at public meetings.

LILITH.—"Mountains ever free." The phrase is Latin and has been applied to the Alps, as those mountains have never been ruled by a foreign power.

INQUISITIVE.—News and printing paper is made of esparto grass, largely imported from the Mediterranean, and China clay, also used in sizing white cotton cloth.

PULSIVE.—It is far from desirable that young people should sleep with old, elderly, or delicate persons. It even endangers an infant's life to do so for any length of time.

MARELLE.—If you are naturally ruddy but become white when dancing, you have a weak, nervous heart, and should be content with a very moderate amount indeed of such exercise.

WYNIFRED.—The first composer who set an opera to music was Francisco Bamirino, an Italian, and the piece was The Conversion of St. Paul, which was brought out at Rome, A. D. 1600.

PUSS.—Ma chere is the French for "my dear" (feminine); con amore, "with love," or, "with warmth," "earnestly," heartily;" dolce far niente, "sweet do nothing," or "sweet idleness." The latter phrases are in Italian.

DODO.—The difference between the English and Irish mile is, the latter is a quarter of an English mile the longer of the two, and the Scotch mile is of the same length as the Irish. There are eight furlongs in our mile, or 1760 yards.

JUDY.—Grape sugar is said to be much used in the manufacture of alcohol, and in the sweetening of beer and wine, though it is not so sweet as cane sugar. It is sometimes mixed with the latter, especially, it is said, in making candy.

PUZZLED.—Mahomet prayed that a certain mountain should come to him, but when it refused to do so he went to the mountain. His example is quoted to encourage those who are suddenly made aware by adverse occurrence that they are not so big as they thought.

KATIE.—The term "God's acre" as applied to a cemetery is the old Teutonic and Saxon designation. The idea, as given by Longfellow, is that the seed is sown there of the good wheat for God's harvest-time, when it will spring up and be gathered by the angels into the heavenly garner.

ICE QUEEN.—It is in Holland that sleighs or sledges are displayed in the greatest variety. They are made in the form of swans, dragons, and sea-shells, with their panels painted and gilded; and drawn by horses decked with plumes as well as bells. The frozen canals afford fine skating, and it is enjoyed to the utmost.

N. G. L.—The girl who wants to be a singer should avoid sweets of all kinds. There is nothing better than food of the plainest kind. Pastry, nuts, almonds, raisins, pickles, rich sauces, are simply poison to a singer. All these are indigestible, and a singer, above all people, should partake of only that class of food which digests easily.

E. M.—We do not see any reason why the marriage you mention should not take place. The disparity in age is not great, considering that neither is young; and there seems to be no mercenary reason why the union should be desired, as is too often the case when there is a considerable difference in age between the parties to an engagement.

ETIQUETTE.—The rule is, in all classes, defer to the lady, put her in the superior position. Introduce the gentleman to her first, thus practically giving her the opportunity to accept or reject the introduction as she thinks fit. If for reasons that seem good to her she declines to acknowledge the introduction, it will proceed no further; but if she accepts it, you will then name her to the gentleman.

C. T.—Excessive smoking dulls the nerves and makes assimilation difficult. By increasing the appetite for stimulants, and occasioning an indisposition to active and regular exercise, the habit of excessive smoking frequently makes its victim weaker in muscle and somewhat less in weight than he would otherwise have been, but it may be questioned whether it makes his height less that it would otherwise have been.

N. W.—Yes; as a rule, a boy infant's brain weighs about a sixth more at birth than a girl's at that time. But it is an established fact that quality rather than quantity determines the intellectual abilities of the owner of the brain. There are about five ounces less of brain matter needed to keep a woman from idiotcy than required for a man (nearly the average difference in the weight between the sexes), and we may naturally presume that this amount does not represent tissue necessary for mentality, but merely that it corresponds with the smaller muscular mass and shorter stature of a woman as compared to a man, the brain being as large in proportion to her weight. A woman's brain has a higher specific gravity.

TRANSPLANTED.

BY C. E. MEETKERKE.

"Fair, fragrant flower, from woodland mazes torn,
Keeping sweet watch on haunted, holy ground,
Art thou not pining, broken and forlorn,
Within the crowded city's gloomy bound?

"The bee falls faint whose kisses wooed thy leaves,
The laughing breezes die that fanned thy feet;
The sunny glade that nursed thy beauty grieves;
They call to thee, 'Why hast thou left us, sweet?'"

A perfumed whisper, floating softly through
The city, murmurs back to woodlands gay:
"Where tears of pity fall, there falls the dew;
And honest toil sheds light on darkest day."

A Hasty Conclusion.

BY S. L.

I WAS very sorry when the Harveys removed into the country. It was not only that they were agreeable people to know, but their departure left Clifton Villa untenanted; and it is not pleasant for a maiden lady like myself, living alone with one old servant, to have an empty house next to her own—it engenders a feeling of insecurity. I was therefore relieved, after Clifton Villa had stood empty for some months, to observe in one of the windows a placard with "Let" printed on it in large type.

Stratton Common, the locality in which my house and Clifton Villa are situated, is just quiet enough to allow one to take an interest in one's neighbors, while it is too near to London for it to be absolutely necessary that the residents should know all about one another.

I may as well mention here that, although I am a maiden lady, I do not love scandal. I do not believe that every girl who is handsome and high-spirited must necessarily be unprincipled; nor do I think that, because a young couple are observed exchanginga remarks about the weather, they must be about to enter into a life-long partnership. Perhaps these negative virtues are attributable in a great measure to the fact that, having many resources in myself and a large circle of old and valued friends, I avoid as far as possible getting acquainted with my neighbors.

Nevertheless, I must admit that I did feel some little curiosity about the newcomers at Clifton Villa. From Bridget my old servant I learned that they rejoiced in the not uncommon name of Smith, the family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Smith and one little boy.

Although Clifton Villa is the next house to my own, I could not have watched the movements of the inmates very narrowly, even had I wished to do so, for the two houses stand some little distance apart, and each is surrounded by a garden well stocked with trees.

But I had one vantage-ground—my conservatory. Here, screened from view myself, I could not only see the Smiths when they were in their back-garden, but I was often forced to overhear much of what passed between them.

Being very fond of flowers, I spent much of my time in the conservatory, and therefore soon got to know the Smiths well by sight, while I doubt if they would have recognized me had they met me away from my own house.

I have always considered a young married couple and a baby the most uninteresting of neighbors; but, notwithstanding this opinion, I found myself taking quite an astonishing amount of interest in the Smiths.

Mr. Smith was hardly a handsome man, though he was exceedingly nice-looking, being tall and well built, with a thoroughly good intellectual face.

The little boy too was very pretty; while, as for Mrs. Smith, I though her one of the sweetest-looking women I had ever seen. Her expression was perhaps just a trifle sad when her face was in repose, giving the idea that she had known trouble; but, when she smiled, every vestige of sadness disappeared; and I was pleased to see that she smiled very often.

In fact, they seemed a thoroughly happy couple, so happy indeed that, as I watched them, I sometimes found myself half regretting my state of single blessedness.

After a time, I noticed that, although Mrs. Smith and her little boy were as often in the garden of an evening as ever, they were now no longer joined by Mr. Smith, from which I inferred that he was away from home.

Then I began to wonder if he was taking a summer holiday, and why his wife was not with him. I succeeded however in accounting for his absence satisfactorily by deciding that he was bent on climbing the Alps, or on some such expedition, and that Mrs. Smith, feeling that the little boy would be in the way if they took him with him, and not caring to leave him to the care of servants, had volunteered to stay at home.

I did not quite like the idea of the pretty young mother having been left behind; so I made up my mind that she and the boy were going to the sea-side later on, where Mr. Smith intended to join them on his return from the Continent.

One evening, as I was coming up the hill, I met Mrs. Smith without her little boy and accompanied by a gentleman. She was looking charmingly fresh and pretty in a dainty white-cambric dress, and her face was radiant with smiles.

The gentleman with whom she was walking was handsome, undeniably handsome, with that military air which always makes a man looked so distingue. He too seemed well pleased, and was apparently fully alive to the attractions of his companion.

Of course there is no harm in a gentleman and lady walking together, even when the gentleman is exceptionally handsome and the lady very beautiful. Old maid as I am, I admit so much readily enough. And yet there was an indefinable something about the attitude of those two which caused me to feel that husbands would do well not to rush off to the Continent, leaving their pretty young wives at home.

After that evening the strange gentleman was constantly at Clifton Villa, and Mrs. Smith seemed to grow brighter-looking and more beautiful day by day. Had I not conceived a prejudice against the stranger, I think I should have said that he too had a good face as well as handsome one.

I began to get very uneasy. Oh, how I wished Mr. Smith would come home! I felt half disposed to send him an anonymous communication from "a well-wisher." "Return at once—a burglar is planning to break into your premises and steal your treasure," or something equally tragic, calculated to bring the tourist back without a moment's delay, and at the same time not arouse his suspicions as to the real danger that was casting its dark shadow over his happy home. But "Mr. Smith, Switzerland," would have been rather a vague address; moreover, I have always had a strong prejudice against all anonymous communication. And then, again, I was not quite certain that Mr. Smith was bent on climbing the Alps.

Then I scolded myself for being prone to think evil of my neighbors. Might not this handsome stranger be brother or cousin to Mrs. Smith? I had almost succeeded in persuading myself that such must indeed be the case, when I unintentionally overheard a fragment of a conversation which rendered it impossible that I should cherish such an idea any longer.

It was an exceptionally warm evening, so, before proceeding to water my flowers as usual, I opened all the conservatory windows a few inches. Presently Mrs. Smith and her friend came sauntering up the garden, apparently in earnest conversation; and, when they halted just on the other side of the conservatory, I could not help overhearing every word they were saying.

"Oh, Jack, dear Jack, how can I say 'Yes'? Whatever would poor Charlie do without me? Think of all we have been to each other for so long!"

"My darling, I utterly refuse to consider Charlie's claim. Is it fair to me, Kate, to let such scruples stand in the way of our happiness? Surely, dearest, you love me too well to hesitate?"

"Dear, dear Jack, you know how dearly I love you!"

Her beautiful eyes were raised to his—such truthful eyes they were too! The rays of the setting sun were falling upon her rippling hair, turning its auburn tints to richest gold. She looked so good, so sweet in her womanly dignity; while he was smiling down upon her with such passionate fondness and yet withal so tenderly, as if he longed to shield her from all ill.

There was something so noble about these two lovers that for a moment I failed to realize the terrible position in which they were placed, and tears of sympathy stood in my eyes.

But a moment later, when Mrs. Smith's little boy came running up to his mother, the bitter truth flashed across my mind, and an overwhelming pity crept into my heart for the erring woman.

Mrs. Smith color deepened, but there was no blush of shame on her face; nor did she look in the least guilty even when she bent down and tenderly kissed her child. The stranger took the boy up in his arms, laughing merrily as he perched the little lad upon his shoulder. Then the three passed into the house.

Presently the clear sweet tones of Mrs. Smith's voice reached me—

"Oh, love, dear love, be true!"

"Oh, faithless wife, how dares she sing of truth who was so cruelly, cruelly false?" I thought.

The next evening I heard some one calling, "Kate, Kate! Where are you, Kate?"—and, looking up, I saw Mr. Smith emerging from his house.

"What, Charlie—you back! Why didn't you tell me you were coming home?"—and running towards him, Mrs. Smith held up her face to be kissed, looking so unfeignedly pleased to see him that I felt as if the scene I had witnessed the previous evening had been a dream.

"I had to be in the City to-day on business, so I thought I would run home and see how you were getting on before going back."

"Then you have not come home for good, dear?"

There was no mistaking the disappointment in Mrs. Smith's tone as she asked this question. Surely I must have been dreaming the night before!

"No—I have arranged to return to Eastbourne to-morrow."

Later in the evening they were gardening together.

"Charlie, give me that rake; you are a regular goose, and don't know how to use it a bit!"

Then a playful tussle ensued.

"Now, then, Mrs. Self-satisfied, let me see the wonders you are going to perform!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, when he had at length allowed her to take the rake from him.

The sound of their light-hearted laughter fell upon my ears. It seemed to me that of late the sad expression which used at times to steal over Mrs. Smith's face had disappeared. Oh, how could she, how dared she look so happy?

Sick at heart, I went indoors, determining to put as far as possible the whole matter from my mind. It was a mystery I could not fathom. I was glad that on the following day I was to start on a round of visits to my friends and relatives.

My first visit was to Birmington, where I stayed a fortnight. Then I joined my sister, Mrs. Ireton, who had taken a furnished house at Eastbourne for three months.

Mrs. Ireton was a widow, with two grown-up sons and one daughter.

"Yes," said my sister, in answer to my inquiries, "we are having a very pleasant time here. The boys have been with us, but they have now returned to town. Amy especially is looking exceptionally bright."

Mrs. Ireton spoke meaningly; and, as Amy was a great favorite of mine, it was with great interest that I asked if there was any particular reason for my dear niece's brightness.

"Well, to tell the truth, Charlotte, I think there is, although I have not spoken to Amy herself on the subject."

"Who is it?" I asked eagerly.

"It is a gentleman with whom the boys were on very friendly terms while they were down here. They got acquainted with him at tennis, I believe. He seems very nice indeed, as far as I can judge; and his attentions to Amy are most marked. He has been here about six weeks now. However, he is obliged to leave by the last train to-night, and, as he promised to call in the evening to wish us 'Good-bye,' you will have an opportunity of seeing him."

"I suppose he will visit you when you return to town then? Does he live in London, Mary?"

"Yes, I believe he does. The worst of it is we know so little about him; and, as the boys are not here now, I feel that I ought to be all the more careful."

"What is his name?" I asked, more to show that I was taking an interest in the affair than because I particularly desired the information.

"Smith."

"Smith—Smith? I fancy I have heard that name before somewhere!" I said, smiling.

"Oh, I shouldn't mind about his plebeian name, if I thought he was likely to make Amy happy!"

Our conversation was cut short here by the entrance of Amy herself. She was certainly looked her best, and this was saying a great deal, for Amy was a remarkably pretty girl, of whom we were all very proud and fond.

A few minutes afterwards there was a knock at the front door. Glancing at Amy, I observed that her color had risen, and there was an expression of glad expectancy in her eyes.

"It's Mr. Smith," whispered my sister mysteriously.

I turned my eyes towards the door watching anxiously to catch a first glimpse of Amy's admirer. The next moment a tall well-built man had entered the room, and I had recognized my neighbor, Mr. Smith.

I have an indistinct recollection of my introduction to him and of thinking he did not know me. But I was far too confused to observe details—in fact, I was so terribly shocked that I gasped for breath.

"Whatever is the matter, Charlotte?" exclaimed my sister, in alarm.

I had just sense enough left to see that Mr. Smith was too much engrossed with Amy to notice what her mother and aunt were saying or doing.

"That man is my next-door neighbor," I replied, in a hoarse whisper.

"Is he indeed? Oh, I am so glad to hear it! I suppose then you know all about him?"

"Mary," I said impressively, "he is a married man!"

"Good gracious, Charlotte! What can you mean? Surely you must be mistaking for him some one else!"

I shook my head sorrowfully.

"He has too striking a physique for me to make a mistake of that kind," I said sadly.

"What a villain the man must be then!" exclaimed Mary hotly.

"Hush, he'll hear you!' I whispered. "Are you quite sure that he has tried to win Amy's regard?"

"My dear Charlotte, no man could possibly have paid a girl more marked attention than he has paid Amy."

Certainly the confidential manner in which Mr. Smith was then talking to my niece bore out my my sister's statement.

"Poor child!" I murmured sympathetically.

"Yes, I am afraid it will upset her terribly. I really don't know how I shall break it to her.

"For goodness' sake, Mary, don't tell her the truth? Her womanly delicacy would receive such a shock that she might not get over it for years."

"But what am I to do? I can't let the affair go on."

"Certainly not!" I agreed. "Tell her that I know something of this man, and from all I can gather he is not a suitable friend for her brothers, and that therefore the acquaintanceship had better cease."

"Dear, dear—I do feel so dreadfully upset!" exclaimed Mary ruefully.

At that moment Mr. Smith came up to my sister.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Ireton, and thanks very much for all your hospitality! I hope you will allow me to call on you as soon as you return to town?" he said, with calm assurance.

"Good-bye, Mr. Smith!" replied my sister very coldly, while she did not attempt to take his proffered hand. "I regret to have to tell you that our circle of acquaintances is already so large that I do not care to extend it."

Mr. Smith drew back with a somewhat haughtly gesture, and then turned to Amy. Her face was flushed, and, with downcast eyes and nervously clasped hands, she stood looking the picture of distress. As Mr. Smith glanced at her, she raised her eyes timidly to his. She was evidently too astonished to utter a word. I think Mr. Smith must have understood her silence to mean acquiescence in his banishment, for with a hurried "Good evening, then, ladies!" he withdrew.

"Oh, mother, whatever made you treat him like that?" cried Amy, as the closing of the front door assured us that Mr. Smith had left the house.

"My dear child, your aunt Charlotte knows something of him, and she says he is not at all a desirable friend for the boys."

"Then I think it would have been better if aunt Charlotte had told him to his face what she had against him, instead of letting you dismiss him in such a manner.

Tears of resentment stood in Amy's eye's and, notwithstanding the angry glances she flashed at me, I pitied the poor child sincerely.

"Dear Amy, it is all for the best," said

Mrs. Ireton, kissing her daughter tenderly. "Try not to think any more about him, darling." Amy drew herself up rather proudly.

Mr. Smith's name was mentioned no more in Amy's presence. Nevertheless I could see that she did not forget him. She grew paler and more listless every day. Sometimes she would try to appear in high spirits; but her gaiety was so forced that it deceived no one. I felt heartily sorry for the girl; still I could not comfort her in any way—in fact, I fancied my presence tended only to remind her of the painful scene which had taken place on the first day of my arrival. Altogether, I was very glad when the Iretons were about to return to town and my visit was brought to a close.

I had arranged to stay with some friends at Maidstone before returning home. But, even amid fresher scenes, Amy's sad face continued to haunt me.

After an absence of three months, I found myself being driven home one day in a four-wheeler. As I passed Clifton Villa, I looked out of the window. To my great astonishment, I saw red cloth, profusely sprinkled with grains of rice, extending from the front door to the kerbstone.

"Has there been a wedding at Clifton Villa?" I inquired of Bridget, almost before she had finished expressing her delight at seeing me.

"Sure misthress, and it's Mrs. Smith herself that was wed this mornin'!"

"Mrs. Smith married this morning, Bridget!" I exclaimed. "Whatever can you mean?"

"Faith, misthress, and it's the truth that I'm tellin' you! She was wed to Cap'n Raymond; and a handsomer couple naver went to church; and it's meself that says so!"

"But how could Mrs. Smith be married this morning, Bridget, when she was a married woman already?"

Bridget so far forgot herself as to indulge in a wild outburst of laughter.

"Sure and it was herself that was a widow," she gasped.

"Then Mr. and Mrs. Smith are not husband and wife after all, Bridget?"

"That is so, misthress. It's own brother and sister they are."

"Oh, Bridget, how I wish I had known that before!" I exclaimed, thinking with the deepest regret of all the suffering poor Amy had endured.

Bridget only grinned. She evidently thought it a capital joke, the more so because she herself had been mistaken as to the relationship of Mr. and Mrs. Smith until one of the tradesmen had volunteered the information that there was to be a wedding at Clifton Villa.

As my niece's discomfiture had been entirely brought about by my stupid blunder, I was naturally very anxious to do my best to put matters right again. So the next day I screwed up my courage and called upon Mr. Smith. He received me very courteously.

"This is not the first time we have met in a drawing-room, Mr. Smith," I said, after I had introduced myself as his next-door neighbor.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, looking very puzzled.

"Yes; we met at my sister's, Mrs. Ireton's. Don't you remember me now?"

Mr. Smith's memory was certainly at fault; moreover, he was greatly disturbed by the sudden mention of Mrs. Ireton's name.

"No—I don't recollect you in the least," he replied bluntly.

"It was the evening you called to wish the Iretons 'Good bye,' before returning to London." I felt that my having been present on so distressing an occasion was not likely to commend me to Mr. Smith, and yet I was obliged to allude to it.

"Yes—I think I can call to mind now having been introduced to a lady who Miss Ireton said was her aunt."

The neighborly frankness with which Mr. Smith had at first greeted me had now given place to a chilling politeness. Then there was an awkward pause, and I began to realize what a very delicate matter I had taken in hand.

At last, making a desperate plunge, I said—

"To be quite frank with you, Mr. Smith, it was the strangeness of my sister's manner to you on that occasion that has brought me here this afternoon."

"Indeed, Miss Westmacott?" he replied rather loftily, as if he considered the matter too trivial to merit further discussion.

"I feel that my sister's conduct must have seemed quite inexplicable to you."

He waited in silence for me to proceed. I began to feel very uncomfortable.

"Mr. Smith, it was entirely my fault," I declared, with nervous energy, "and I have come here now to crave your forgiveness. Until I returned home yesterday and heard that your sister had been married, I was under the impression that you and Mrs. Smith were husband and wife."

"Good heavens! Excuse me, but—er—"

"You see it was only natural that I should suppose so when I heard you spoken of as Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

"Well, it's not an uncommon name, is it?" he observed, smiling. "Still, I can easily understand how the mistake arose."

"You see, Mr. Smith," I went on, "my sister believed you to be a bachelor, and, when she heard from me that you were a married man, she naturally felt that you had misrepresented yourself, and, in short, that you were hardly a suitable companion for her sons." As I spoke of my nephews, I thought myself a very skilful diplomatist.

"Exactly. I am quite ready to admit that Mrs. Ireton's treatment of me was, in the circumstances, justifiable."

Mr. Smith spoke with the utmost gravity; but I fancied I could detect more than a suspicion of fun lurking in his eyes. Perhaps I looked uncomfortable; anyhow, my neighbor hastened to change the subject.

"I suppose you have not heard the particulars of my sister's marriage, Miss Westmacott?" he continued. "It was quite a romantic affair."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; there an engagement between my sister and Jack Reymond ten years ago. They were deeply attached to each other; but unfortunately a most painful misunderstanding arose, and the upshot of it was that Jack went abroad with his regiment, and Kate married Colonel Smith, a man many years her senior, who was content to make her his wife, knowing that she entertained no warmer feelings towards him than those of gratitude and the profoundest respect."

"You will miss your sister very much."

"Yes, indeed I shall; that is, unless I speedily follow her good example."

"I hope you will come in and see me sometimes, Mr. Smith," I said, as I rose to leave.

"Thank you, Miss Westmacott; I shall be very pleased to do so."

"By-the-bye, my niece, Amy Ireton, is coming to stay with me next week, I dare say you remember her," I said, trying to speak indifferently.

"Is she really? Then I shall be sure to call on you!" returned Mr. Smith, with an eagerness which I could not take as a personal compliment. "I think I do remember that the Iretons had a sister, now that you mention it," he added, while his eyes twinkled merrily.

And so it came to pass that my dear niece Amy became the new mistress of Clifton Villa; and thus the next house to my own continues to be tenanted by a Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

A Slip of the Pen.

BY AMY LEVY.

IT was all Dicky Carshalton's fault.

In many respects an amiable youth, he cannot be said to be possessed of the finer feelings, and perhaps is not aware of the extent of the discomfort he produces in more sensitive people. A frequenter of parties of every description, he is fond of varying the monotony of the social routine by various little practices. Of these, his favorite, not, alas! peculiar to himself, is commonly known as spoiling sport. Whenever Dicky sees a pair of people who appear to take particular delight in one another's society, showing a tendency to seek unto themselves retreats, he is never satisfied until, by some bold stroke or cunning stratagem, he has succeeded in separating them; or, at least, in destroying their enjoyment for the rest of one evening.

The happy possessor of an exhaustless supply of self-confidence and the most brazen impudence—the objects of his attack, moreover, being, from the nature of their position, comparatively defenceless—it is needless to add that, though Dicky has his failures on record, they are greatly outstripped in numbers by his successes. So there is nothing wonderful in the fact that Dicky was at the bottom of that unfortunate affair with Jack and Ethel.

Matters had long been in a delicate and critical state between those young people. Jack had told himself over and over again that Ethel was a flirt, and that he, for one, had no intention of adding himself to the list of her victims; while Ethel had relieved her feelings by repeatedly assuring herself that Jack was a cross fellow who cared for nothing but his books, and was quite impervious to the charms of womanhood.

But that night at the Warringtons' things really did seem to be taking a turn for the better. Ethel had boldly turned her back on half-a-dozen other admirers, and Jack, looking down into her honest eyes, was rapidly forgetting the doubts and fears which had tormented him during the past months.

There is no knowing what might not have happened, had it not been for Dicky, who came up to them at this hopeful stage of affairs, his shoulders in his ears, his hair brushed to a nicety, and with the most unmistakable look of mischief in his prominent eyes.

"Good evening, Miss Mariner," he said, taking Ethel's hand in his and squeezing it with empressment; and then the two poor things, suddenly awkened from their dream, stood there chill and helpless while Dicky fired off his accustomed volley of chaff, and Ethel, with feminine presence of mind, ventured on one or two little pop-guns on her own account.

"Miss Mariner," he said at last, with a satisfied glance at Jack's sullen face, "have you been into the conservatory? They've put a lot of pink lamps, and there's the most scrumptious tete-a-tete chair you can imagine."

Poor Ethel looked up at Jack, who stood by, furious and sulky.

"He is only too glad to get rid of me. He hasn't the ordinary kindness to rescue me from this bore. And I have been so horribly amiable to him," she thought in despair.

"If she likes that popinjay, let her go with him! I'm sorry for her taste, that's all," reflected Jack, and in another minute Ethel found herself actually seated in the tete-a-tete chair with Dicky, whose large eyes were rolling triumphantly in the light of the rose-colored lamps.

She did not succeed in making her escape till it was time to go home. Jack was nowhere to been, and she drove back in the chill gray morning with the heaviest heart she had known for many days.

* * * * * *

"Ethel," said her mother at breakfast the next morning, "did you have a pleasant time at the Warringtons'?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," said Ethel drearily. She was pale and heavy-eyed; I think she had not slept all night.

"And who were there?" went on Mrs. Mariner, helping herself to buttered eggs with cheery briskness.

Ethel enumerated various people. "And Dicky Carshalton," she concluded, "and Jack Davenant."

The last name slipped out with exaggerated carelessness; and yet it was whirring about in the poor girl's head, and had been doing so for the last five or six hours, like an imprisoned blue-bottle in a glass.

"Jack—Jack—Jack Davenant." Was she never to have another definite thought again?

"By-the by," said Mrs. Mariner, as she rose from table, "will you send a note to Florence Byrne? I want her to lunch here to-morrow at half-past one—the Singletons are coming."

Ethel moved to the writing-table, blushing faintly. She remembered that Mrs. Byrne was Jack Davenant's cousin.

"Half-past one, recollect," cried her mother, as she rustled from the room.

Ethel listlessly took up her pen, and pulled a sheet of paper towards her. It was not stamped with the address, but she failed to notice this, and began at once—

"My dear Mrs. Byrne."

Then she stopped short, and the buzzing in her brain went on worse than ever.

The note got written at last, all but the signature, and then she began to wonder dreamily if she should sign herself "Yours very sincerely," or "Yours affectionately."

"Ethel, Ethel!" cried her mother, putting her head in at the door, "I am going out. Give me the note for Florence; I can take it to the post."

Guilty and ashamed, Ethel seized her pen and wrote hastily, but in a bold hand—

"Yours very sincerely,

"JACK DAVENANT."

* * * * * *

Mrs Byrne neither came to lunch, nor answered the Mariners' invitation. Mrs. Mariner expressed surprise at this want of courtesy, and apogolized to the Singletons for having no one to meet them.

"Are you sure, Ethel, you told her the right day? Florence is in town, I know, and it is so unlike her to be rude."

"I think it was all right, mamma," Ethel replied vaguely, and never gave another thought to the matter.

But on the morning of the next day, as she was practising her singing in the great holland-shrouded drawing-room, the door was flung open to admit a benign and comely lady, who advanced smiling towards her.

"Mrs. Byrne!" cried Ethel in some surprise, getting off the music-stool.

Mrs. Byrne established herself comfortably in a deep arm-chair, then beckoned the young girl mysteriously with a well-gloved finger: "Come over here, Ethel."

Ethel drew a low stool to the other's side, and sat down, smiling but mystified.

Mrs. Byrne played a little with the clasp of the silver-mounted hand-bag which she carried, from which, having at last succeeded in opening it, she produced a stamped envelope addressed to herself.

"Do you know that handwriting?" she said, flourishing it before Ethel's astonished eyes.

"It is my own; I wrote to ask you to lunch," poor Ethel answered simply; while the thought flashed across her mind that Mrs. Byrne had probably gone mad.

"Read it, then," cried that lady, with an air of suppressed amusement which lent color to the notion.

Ethel unfolded it quickly, then sat transfixed like one who receives a sudden and fatal injury. For before her horror-stricken eyes glared these words, in her own handwriting: "Yours very sincerely, Jack Davenant."

"What does it mean?" she cried at last in a hoarse voice, for it seemed that some fiendish magic had been at work.

"That's what I want to know," Mrs. Byrne answered more gently. "I received this note the day before yesterday. There was no address, and the writing was certainly not Jack's. Nor is my cousin in the least likely to invite me to lunch at his chambers. So I wrote off to him at once, and told him to drop in to dinner if he had anything to say to me."

Ethel had risen to her feet, and was standing with a little frozen smile on her face; but at this point she broke in hurriedly—

"Did you show him—Mr. Davenant, the letter?"

Mrs. Byrne nodded. She was not a person of delicate perceptions, and had come here bent on a little harmless amusement but somehow the amusement was not forthcoming.

Ethel clasped her cold hands together in a frenzy of despair. She knew that Jack was familiar with her handwriting; had he not made little criticisms, severe and tender, on the occasional notes of invitation which she had addressed to him?

"Jack said he knew nothing about the note, and hadn't the ghost of an idea what it meant."

"Oh, Jack, Jack," cried Ethel's heart in parenthesis, "what must you think of me?"

Mrs. Byrne went on: "Grace Allison came in later, and the mystery was cleared up. She swore to your handwriting; and we concluded you had done it in a fit of absence of mind. Poor old Jack, how she did chaff him!"

Ethel was trying to recover her presence of mind.

"How could I have made such a stupid mistake?" she said, with a short laugh. "I suppose I was pursuing some train of thought. I had met your cousin at a party the night before—you know how it is."

Mrs. Byrne was sorry for the girl's distress.

"It's a mistake any one might have made, though you must own it was rather funny. However, I can assure you this—it won't get any further. Jack is scarcely likely to tell, and Grace has sworn on her honor."

Ethel laughed again, meaninglessly. As far as she was concerned, the whole world was welcome to know it now. No deeper disgrace could befall her. "I wonder if he is shrieking with laughter, or merely sick with disgust," the poor girl thought when her obtuse and amiable visitor had at last departed, "Oh, how I hate him, how I hate him!" which was hard on Jack, considering that his own conduct in the matter had been irreproachable. But Ethel was in no mood for justice. It seemed to her that she had utterly betrayed and disgraced herself; that never again could she venture to show herself in a world where Florence Byrne, Grace Allison, and, above all, Jack Davenant lived, moved, and had their being.

Sick with shame, hot and cold with anguish, poor Ethel sat cowering in the great drawing-room like a guilty thing.

Ethel astonished her family at dinner that evening by enquiries as to the state of the female labor-market in New Zealand.

Uncle Joe, a philanthropic parson, who happened to be of the party, delighted to find his pretty niece taking an interest in a subject so little frivolous, delivered himself a short lecture on the subject.

Ethel sighed at hearing that there was so little demand for the work of educated women (save the mark!) in that distant colony, and began to turn her thoughts towards Waterloo Bridge.

"Ethel funks on being an old maid. She knows that positively any girl can lasso a husband in New Zealand," her brother Bob remarked in a challenging tone.

But Ethel bore it with uninteresting meekness; perhaps, she told herself, she was a husband-hunter after all!

After dinner, she put on her hat and stole out into the street. She had been indoors all day, and could bear it no longer. The June evening was still as light as day, and simple-minded couples were loitering with frank affection in Regent's Park. She had not gone far before she saw a large familiar figure bearing down in her direction.

"Oh, how I hate him—I hate him!" she thought again, while her heart beat with maddening rapidity. "If he has a spark of kindness in him, he will pretend not to see me."

But Jack, for it was he, made no such pretence. On the contrary, he not only raised his hat, but came up to her with outstretched hand. She put her cold fingers mechanically into his, and scanned his face; there was neither mirth nor disgust in it, and the thought flashed across her, chilling, while it relieved her, that he probably attached little importance to an incident to which she, knowing her own secret, had deemed but one interpretation possible. And then, before she knew what had happened, Jack was walking along by her side, pouring out a torrent of indignant reproaches as to her desertion of him in favor of Dicky Carshalton at the Warringtons's party.

"It is you," cried Ethel with spirit, for the unexpected turn of affairs restored her courage, "it is you, Mr. Davenant, who were unkind, to stand by and let old friends be victimised, without striking a blow in their behalf! Pray what did you expect me to do so? Was I to have said, 'No, thank you, Mr. Carshalton, I prefer to stay here with Mr. Davenant?'"

"And, if you had said it, would it have been true?"

She changed her tone suddenly.

"Dicky is such a bore! I think I prefer any one's society to his."

He stepped short in the path, seizing both her hands, and looking down at her with stern and passionate eyes.

A close-linked couple strolling by remarked to one another that there had been a row, then refreshed themselves with half-a-dozen kisses.

"Ethel," said Jack, in an odd voice, "it's no use pretending. You do think of me sometimes; I happen to know it."

She was looking up at him; but at this allusion the sweet face flushed and drooped suddenly.

"Ethel,"—Jack's voice sounded stranger and stranger; was he going to laugh or cry? and why on earth did he speak so low—"Ethel, do you know what signature I should like to see to your letters?"

This was too much.

"No, I don't!"—she lifted her flushed face; the cruel tears shone and smarted in her eyes.

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

The momentary defiance had died; a very meek whisper came from the pale lips.

"Can't you guess? Then shall I tell you, Ethel? 'Ethel Davenant'—that's what I should like to see at the bottom of all your letters. Shall I ever see it?"

"Jack!"

Further explanation is needless. When next they met Mr. Carshalton, both Jack and Ethel were beyond the reach of his manœuvres.

Doting Mothers.—A doting over-indulgent mother is the most cruel enemy a child can have. The insane kindness of such mothers has ruined thousands of sons and daughters who under proper management would have been a comfort and a credit to their parents. Compromises may sometimes be expedient in politics—although that is doubtful if any wholesome principle is waived or sacrificed—but in family government they are almost always unwise. All this, it may be said, is so true that it is trite; yet, in view of the lawlessness of the children of this generation, it cannot be too often reiterated.

THE "TENDERFOOT."

The difference in the social status is as great between the manufacturing and agricultural States and those in which the mining and stock industries predominate, as between the European countries and the wild and woolly West, as it is often denominated.

The miners and cowboys of the Western mountains and plains have developed a contempt for the more perfectly civilized and more polished gentlemen; and they do not stop there, but extend the same sentiments to the rougher and uneducated classes who hail from the manufacturing and agricultural districts.

They apply the same epithet to all—"Tenderfoot." Many amusing anecdotes are told in the miners' cabins and the cowboys' camps relative to the achievements of these strangers to their half-civilized customs and habits. One of these presents itself to the writer's mind here.

It was during the early settlement of the Black Hills that a New Yorker, prominent in his own State and City, was journeying to that new-found Eldorado on the Deadwood stage.

A few miles from his destination his attention was attracted by a herd of half broken horses which the owner was selling. Our New York friend questioned the stage-driver as to the advisability of purchasing one with which to make a tour of the various mining camps.

Of course the old-timer, anxious to see fun, no matter how serious might be the result, advised an immediate purchase, and volunteered to stop his team and give the Tenderfoot a chance to inspect and buy one of those hardly specimens which do such useful service for the frontiersmen. As he approached the herd, an old gray-headed miner, who, from the new-comer's appearance and general get-up, knew too well that he had no use for any of the ponies, kindly volunteered the remark: "Why, stranger, you don't want to buy a bucking cayuse."

But the New Yorker disdained to take advantage of such a friendly warning, and at once bargained for as vicious-looking a specimen of its kind as was in the herd.

The "vaequero" whose duty it was to ride each pony after it was purchased, did so in this case, and, to a stranger's vision, our friend had succeeded in purchasing as docile an animal as would be found in any of the parks in the Old World.

The New Yorker mounted at once, and in a twinkling lay sprawling on mother earth about twenty feet from his horse.

The friendly miner was the first to assist him to his feet, merely remarking as he did so; "I told you, you had no use for a bucking cayuse."

He was asked by the Tenderfoot: "Was that what you call bucking?" "Yes, sir-ree; but that was not bad bucking," said the miner.

"Well, then, what does the little beast do when he cayuses?" was the next question, which provoked such mirth from the crowd of cowboys and miners, that our New York friend made a bee-line for the stage; and it was not until the friendly driver had told him that cayuse was the Western name given to this class of horses, that that the Tenderfoot fully appreciated his ignorance of the Western idioms of speech as well as its customs.

It is not necessary for a Tenderfoot to be a dude or swell to make him an object of curiosity to the frontiersmen, though, of course, if he is such, his persecution by practical jokers will be intensified.

The writer remembers the silk hat which was seen in a western Kansas town twenty years since and subjected the wearer to become an involuntary actor in a second William Tell performance, with the only difference that a cowboy with his ready revolver took the part of William, and the high hat was the substitute for the apple. Of course, such performances as this are not heard of any more in the Wild West; but at that early date such a headgear was a curiosity even in many-Eastern cities, to say nothing of what it must have been in the West.

The Tenderfoot is considered the natural prey of the frontiersman in a business transaction. The tendency is always to cut his eye-teeth as soon as possible, and if in doing that they can break him financially, the better the Western man is pleased.

The reason for this antagonism is found in the fact that too many Eastern men come to our country with the idea that we don't know anything, and they can teach us; but they all forget that the majority of Western men have learnt as much as they before they came west, and have there graduated in a school second to none. Let a prospector in the mines discover any valuable mineral in too small a quantity to pay to develop, he will invariably look around for a Tenderfoot to take it off his hands, and usually is successful.

Only a few weeks since the writer was approached by an acquaintance in an Eastern town, who desired to know the value of certain mining stock he had purchased, which was to my own knowledge valueless. He could hardly believe that he, shrewd business man as he was at home, had been duped by an apparently ignorant miner.

Of course some men are not dubbed Tenderfoot so long as others, because they possess good common sense, and come to the West willing to acknowledge their ignorance in its habits and customs, and use their every effort to learn as much as possible, as quickly as they can.

A man to get along in the West must prove his manliness—that is all that is necessary. Nowhere is personal bravery or nerve admired and acknowledged more freely; but it is not necessary for a newcomer to identify himself with the rowdyism so prevalent. Nor will it be conducive to his peace of mind to undertake to set up any fanatical or cranky notions in opposition to the old time theories and practices.

No matter how full a town may be of bad men, desperadoes, any one can live there and be respected, but he must mind his own business; then even those very desperadoes will be among the first to acknowledge and uphold his rights in the community.

The name is applied to every new arrival in a mining or cattle camp, no matter where he is from, unless he be a Western man, which fact is easily ascertained by the inhabitants of the camp without any questions being asked, for there is a sort of freemasonry among frontiersmen unknown to the balance of the world, and rarely if ever do they make a mistake in recognizing—or sizing-up, as we express it—a man's claims in either direction.

The class of Tenderfoot most imposed upon and subjected to the most trying ordeals in practical joking are those younger scions of English families whose parents and guardians sent them West with the mistaken idea that they succeed better than at home, especially if they were inclined to be a little wild.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Edmund Yates, the well-known English writer, says that the published story about the Princess of Wales's determination to withdraw from society is utterly untrue. "Since the death of her oldest son two years ago she has neither given nor attended any balls and has remained in comparative seclusion, but after her return to Marlborough House next May she will go into society to a reasonable extent."

The German Emperor's butler is an American. His wine-cellar is a model of orderly arrangement. Each precious vintage—and some are almost priceless—has a separate enclosure railed in with iron, and labelled with the name, age, price and number of bottles of the wine. No decanters are used on the Imperial tables: the wine is poured out by footmen from the original bottles, the utmost care being taken in the process.

A study of figures of the late official census convinces Bishop Clifton Penick, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, that the negroes are better South than they are North. In the South, where there is a negro for every two white persons, they furnish only one prisoner for every 309 and 337 respectively, while in the rest of the country, with but one negro to every 58 white persons, they furnish one prisoner in 134, 157 and 196, respectively.

A unique method of avoiding contagion from the handling of books is in use in the public library of Chicago. By an arrangement with the Board of Health every case of contagious disease occurring in the city is immediately reported to the librarian, and if it happens that any books from the library are in the possession of the afflicted family, messengers from the library are at once sent for them. The books are then thoroughly fumigated, and, in cases of of small pox, destroyed.

A physician who has studied the habit of nail-biting carefully and scientifically for some years, announces that the practice, which he dignifies with the name of onychophagy, prevails to a deplorable extent among the school-children of Paris. More than one-fourth of the boy-pupils in the public schools are confirmed nail-biters, and among the girls the percentage is larger. The habit, the doctor says, is due to nervousness, and he proposes to cure it by means of hypnotic "suggestion."

The annual festival of the Burning of the White Dog before the council-house and celebrating the Iriquois new year has just been closed at the Onondaga Indian reserve in central New York. The festival of late years has been observed with the greatest secrecy because of the fear that there would be interference on account of the cruelty of it. There was a large attendance of representatives of other tribes. The celebration lasted the greater part of two weeks, the exercises being dropped and renewed at the pleasure of the chiefs.

It is of unusual occurrence for a man to survive any length of time after breaking his neck. The singularity, however, has been allowed to Carpenter Samuel Merry, of Providence, R. I., who was blown off the roof of a house he was shingling over two months ago, and still lives with a broken neck. His physicians confidently expect that he will be able to walk about in the course of a few weeks and soon attend to his business. The case appears more wonderful when it is considered that Merry is over 60 years of age.

An example of American character was shown on Fourteenth street, New York, on Tuesday. During the high gale an immense bill-board, 25 feet square, blew down from the roof of a two-story house just east of Third avenue, where it had been insecurely fastened. It fell to the sidewalk with a thunderous crash. Two men, who had never seen each other before, escaped it by about five feet. They both turned round, looked at the debris and then shook hands, after which they separated silently, one getting on a Third avenue car and the other going over to Broadway.

Dr. Blaschko, of Berlin, in a discourse, from which quotations are made by a Medical Journal, speaks of the existence in Berlin of a malady known as dermatomycosis tonsurans, the infection of which may be communicated by the barber's shaving brush, by the lather, the razor, the sponge, the towel, the powder puff, or the comb. The British Medical Journal, commenting upon the facts mentioned by Dr. Blaschko, says "It is undoubtedly true that there is danger of catching skin diseases in the barber's chair unless all his appliances and arrangements are of the cleanest kind."

A Chicago man was married the other day to a bride furnished him by a matrimonial agency. A few hours after the ceremony the happy groom missed the bride. And in a few moments more he missed his gold watch, some diamonds and a roll of money. The victimized benedict is suing the agency to recover the value of the stolen goods.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

TWO-TAILED TIMOTHY.

BY SHEILA.

TIMOTHY was a lizard with two tails. They had the appearance of a fork; and because no other lizards who lived along the castle wall could boast of more than one tail, Timothy was exceedingly proud of himself.

He could not run any faster than his companions, or catch flies in a more elegant way, but because of his tails he gave himself such airs that really it was almost past endurance.

The lizards who lived in the ivy on the wall grew tired of Two-tailed Timothy. As a curiosity he was all very well, and stuffed and put in the museum he would have been delightful; as it was, they found Timothy, with his airs and graces, rather too much for their nerves.

One day a fashionable lady lizard gave a birthday party upon the sunny side of the wall, and everybody who was in society went to it, including Timothy.

At this party, the lizards, nimble as they were, got caught: about half a dozen escaped, but the rest were captured in a net by two English boys, who had been prowling about the old wall for some time.

Some of the lizards were so frightened that their tails dropped off.

The boys examined their unfortunate captives, and one of them cried with astonishment.

"Look at that fellow, Jack; why, if he hasn't got two tails! We'll keep him, won't we?"

"So he has!" exclaimed the other boy: "that's a queer thing! And look here, Fred, this one's a fine one; let's keep the two and throw the others away."

"All right," said Jack; and away went the rest of the lizards, some with tails and some without, but all delighted to get off anyhow.

Timothy and the Lizard Patriarch, the head of the colony, were put in a kind of cage which the boys constructed for them; and there they had plenty of time to bemoan themselves.

The Patriarch wept because he felt that it was hard, at his time of life, to be caught by a couple of boys; and Timothy pined for the joys of liberty, the sunny wall, and the juicy flies that were no longer within reach of a snap.

Alas! his tails had been his undoing. Without them he might have passed unnoticed, and been again a free and happy lizard.

The Patriarch was fond of lecturing young people, and telling them what he did at their age, but as the juvenile lizards could run faster than he could, it was not often that he could make them come to him.

But now there was Timothy at hand, and the wretched Timothy could not escape.

The Patriarch talked and talked to such purpose, that at the end of two days Timothy was positively limp, without energy enough left to snap up a fly.

The boys said he was sulky, and tried to make him lively by poking him with bits of stick, which did not, however, have the desired effect.

Timothy sat all day long in a corner of the cage, and even his cherished tails ceased to give him the slightest pleasure.

At last the Patriarch, who had been poking about the premises by way of amusing himself, took pity upon his dejected fellow sufferer. He went briskly up to him as he sat in his corner, and gave him a good thump.

"You ought to be ashamed to sit moping there, a young fellow like you!" cried the old gentleman.

"Get away!" said Timothy sulkily.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," proceeded the Patriarch, "when there is a hole at the back of the cage that a thin lizard—mark me, a thin slender lizard—might crawl through at a pinch."

"What!" cried Timothy springing up, "a hole? Did you say a hole?"

"I did mention the word hole," replied the Patriarch, marching off; "it is a hole that's of no use to me, for I am too stout to crawl through it, so I will give it to you. You can get through, unless those ridiculous tails stop you."

Timothy's heart fell when he discovered how extremely small was the hole in question; yet a desperate longing for liberty took possession of him. He went to his companion and told his difficulty; his tails were in the way.

"Bite them off, then!" returned the Patriarch with cruel calmness.

Timothy shivered: never could he adopt such a terrible remedy, and he timidly asked whether there were no other way.

"Well, there is one other method," admitted the Patriarch. "Supposing you could be well frightened, your tails—perhaps one, perhaps both—might drop off. You recollect what happened to our friends the day we were caught?"

Yes, Timothy, with a thrill of hope, remembered the loose wriggling tails; and he sat down meekly by the Patriarch, and asked him to be so very good as to frighten him well.

"I don't mind trying," answering the latter kindly; and he began to relate the most startling tales he could think of, while Timothy tried as hard as he could to be frightened.

The Patriarch talked and talked, but the lizard's tails showed no signs of alarm; they were most hardened, obstinate tails! Then the dusk fell, and the Patriarch took to ghost stories.

His voice got lower and lower, and drowsier and drowsier; the old gentleman seemed dropping off to sleep.

"And so the four-and-twenty white-sheeted figures went one by one out of the barn," he mumbled; "and the last one—turned—round—and—said—Bo!"

This the Patriarch positively shouted, making a sudden spring at Timothy, with gleaming eyes.

The young lizard was so taken by surprise that he jumped up in the air, and, joy, joy! his tails dropped off!

"Ah!" said his companion, "I thought I should manage to frighten you somehow. Now be off, my young friend, and mind you recollect all the good advice I have given you."

Timothy scampered to the hole, squeezed himself through; then away he went, a free, though tailless, lizard. In course of time his tails grew again, and even longer and more elegantly taper than before: whereat Timothy rejoiced exceedingly, but was kept humble by the remembrance of his former calamity. He lived to a good old age, and was always regarded by everybody as one of the curiosities of the neighborhood.

REBUFFS OF SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Amongst the humors of life none are better received, as a rule, by the spectators than the touch of comedy often involved in the discomfiture of affectation. At a ball given by a late Knight Commander of the Bath to naval officers on a North Pacific station, a laughable incident took place. A young midshipman was much interested in a beauty who had native blood in her veins. He tried to secure a dance, but the lady was supercilious. She had pride enough for a princess, and she openly snubbed him.

"Oh dear, no," she said, "Ma never allows me to dance with midshipmen."

But a change came over the spirit of her dream. It was found that the middy she had so contemptuously dismissed was a real live lord. The girl's chagrin was great, and now she wished to dance. Surely she could retrieve the situation. Gradually edging in the young sailor's direction, she at last advanced boldly, and addressing him by his title, announced that she had re-considered his request. A terrible repartee ended her illusion.

During the American civil war self-importance and pride of office were weeds that soon sprang up and become noxious. The soil of strife favored them.

In both armies the man with a little fleeting authority sometimes assumed absurd airs, and even became tyrannical. But sooner or later the soldiers in the ranks were likely to reduce the upstart to more modest dimensions even in his own eyes. An amusing instance of a humiliation that might have a salutary side, though it originated in revenge, belongs to the story of a southern regiment.

A captain, at once vain and unpopular from his haughty manners, rode out to a review before the commander-in-chief.

Horses had been requisitioned where they could be had. The big bony chestnut that the captain rode had belonged to a baker. This fact came to the ears of an enemy, and a plot was concocted.

At the most critical point of the review the detested officer was the observed of all observers. He wore a resplendent new uniform, and he contrived to make his horse curvet as if full of mettle. Disaster ensued right under the eyes of the commander-in-chief.

"Bread!" sang out a voice, artfully modelled on old tones of command.

The horse stopped short, as he might at any householder's door where a loaf was to be left. His rider, totally unprepared for this unrehearsed manœuvre, went sprawling into the dust.

Diplomacy has its difficulties with self-important people.

A daring and irresistibly funny rebuff to one of the worst offenders was administered by Mr. Allison, an eccentric Englishman, who was one of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's staff at Pera. He had on occasion to transact business at the Porte, soon after the installation of a new Grand Vizier.

A fanatic, named Raouf Pasha, was now the Sultan's Minister. Alison was announced as a secretary of the British Embassy.

Raouf Pasha took no notice of him. Seeing what the cue was—contempt for a subordinate Frank—the visitor followed it in his own way.

He put his hands in his pockets, whistled, and stared about him. Up ran a scandalised servant to say that it was the Grand Vizier who was sitting on the sofa.

"Impossible!" said Mr. Alison, in Turkish. "That must be some flunkey. The Grand Vizier would receive me like a gentleman."

This brought the haughty old Musulman to his feet. It was Alison's turn.

Quick as the thought he sat down, and patronizingly suggested that his antagonist should also seat himself. Half stupefied, he did so.

The business was entered upon. But Raouf had a resource of insult yet remaining. He got up, looked at the time, said it was his hour of prayer, and proceeded to cry aloud against all infidels. Then he came back to his seat, imagining perhaps that his dignity was saved.

But another and a crowning astonishment was in store. Alison glanced at his watch, declared that it was his prayer-time, and promptly went aside, and in Arabic, well understood of the Pasha, he launched a loud anathema against all Turks, Musulmen, and other unbelievers in the holy Christian faith. Then he walked out of the room, and left the Grand Vizier to his reflections.

Comedy crops up in the many cases where men who are inclined to be pompous, and to think that applause is their right, miss the meaning of a popular demonstration.

There was a useful actor who filled minor parts to the satisfaction of his management, but could not do more. Yet he believed that he was a suppressed genius. Possibly he thought that he was deliberately kept in the background by jealousy.

A day arrived when cheers broke out from every part of a crowded house as he came on. The thunder of the plaudits dazed him for a second. Then he stepped to the footlights and bowed repeatedly, as he had seen popular favorites do.

But, alas! there was now laughter instead of applause, and he divined that he had blundered.

The cheers were meant for the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had just entered the building. It was a blow to self-importance when he learned the truth.

So, too, with an actor of fame and distinction who met a snub from Macready. The "star" did not like his part. He loudly complained.

"See here, Mr. Macready!" he said; "this is too bad. I have only one line to say. I feel deeply hurt."

The actor-manager stuttered a little.

"Er—er—well! Mind ye say it well!"

And he turned on his heel and left the other scowling at what he, no doubt, regarded as impertinent advice added to the original offence.

ABOUT THE EYES.—Don't allow a cold wind to strike the eyes.

Don't have colored shades on the lamps; use white or ground glass.

Don't go directly from a warm room into a cold raw atmosphere.

Don't open the eyes under water in bathing, especially in salt water.

Don't let any strong light, like that from electricity, shine directly into the eyes.

Don't strain the eyes by reading, sewing, or any like occupation, with an imperfect light.

Don't bathe inflamed eyes with cold water; that which is as warm as can be borne is better.

Don't sleep opposite a window in such manner that a strong light will strike the eyes on awakening.

Don't, above all, have the children sleep so that the morning sun shall shine in their faces to arouse them.

STATISTICS compiled by the Census Bureau show that in the United States there are 14,969 467 horses, or one horse for every four inhabitants; mules, 2,205,532; cows, 16 511 950; swine, 57,409,583; and sheep shorn, 32,126,968.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chicago has 626 churches of all denominations, one-sixth of which are of the Methodist faith.

The French courts of law have decided that it is the master's privilege to discharge the servants.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad exhibit at the World's Fair has been presented to Chicago, and will form part of the Field Museum.

General Maltzeff, a great Russian landed proprietor, who died recently, owned 29 mines, in which about 55,000 workmen are employed.

A proposition for a great shipway through France, between the English Channel and the Mediterranean, meets with much approval abroad.

A poor but apparently eccentric honest schoolboy, of Salina, Kansas, recently took a slate from a doctor's door, leaving a pair of shates in its place.

Dr. Reed has introduced into the Ohio Legislature a bill permitting condemned murderers to select whether they shall die by electricity or anæsthetics.

A New Yorker weighing 300 pounds fell off a dock into the East river the other day, and it required the united efforts of six men and a tackle to rescue him.

Hon. Simon Wolf, of Washington, has virtually completed a "roll of honor," in which he has entered the names of all Jews who have served in the army or navy of the United States.

For some time past there have been cases of petty thievery at Marietta, Indiana, the origin of which could not be traced. It was recently discovered that a pet crow was responsible for the mischief.

Rose Shelley, a woman mail carrier, transports the mail regularly between Dexter and Goshen, an 18-mile stretch of lonesome road, in Lane county, Oregon. Early or late, snow or shine, she makes the trip.

A San Francisco paper is taking a census of the popular taste in music of the people of that city. Wagner is so far the preference, though popular airs like "Annie Rooney" and "McGinty" have received many votes.

Two watchmen were hired to guard a market at Haller, Washington. The other night they both fell asleep, and, upon awakening in the morning, found that not only had the market been robbed, but that they were minus their firearms.

In Holland a woman is a secondary consideration—and a poor consideration at that. No Dutch male, when walking on the pavement, will move out of his way for a woman. The latter makes way invariably, however muddy or dangerous the street.

Timbuctoo, which has been occupied by a French column, has been so sedulously guarded against European intrusion that only four Europeans, up to within a year ago, had succeeded during this century in gaining access into it—Laing in 1826, Caillie in 1828, Barth in 1850 and Lenz in 1880.

Gathering wild fowls' eggs has long been a sport for boys living along the Atlantic coast of Maryland. The narrow reef that guards the eastern shore counties is a famous breeding place for many kinds of aquatic fowl, and their nests are frequently invaded and wantonly destroyed.

The danger of placing flower pots on window sills, with no sufficient protection against their falling into the street, has been exemplified in a dreadful manner in Paris. A gentleman was walking in the Rue St. Denis when a flower pot fell upon him from a window above, causing fatal injuries.

Dr. M. H. Kerwin inoculated eight patients with the Koch lymph at Trinity Hospital, Milwaukee, three years ago. Of the eight consumptives thus inoculated four have died and the others are scattered. John Spiegel, a barber, is the only one remaining in Milwaukee. He does not believe the lymph helped him.

A new church was organized lately at Nevada, Mo., by seceders from the Campbellite Church in that town, who, led by Judge Gray, appealed from a decision of the trustees forbidding dancing and card playing, and were beaten. They concluded to have a church in which these pastimes are not accounted sinful.

At the beginning of this year the Russian Empire contained a population of about 124,000,000, distributed as follows: In Russia proper, about 89,000,000; in the Vistula country (as the Russians prefer to call Poland), 8,900,000; in Finland, 2,380,000; in the Caucasus, 9,000,000; in the Transcaspian Provinces of Asia, 6,100,000; and in Siberia, 4,750,000.

A theatrical company that visited Washington recently sent out notices of the show in the form of subpœnaes directing the recipients, under pain of various fines and penalties, to appear at the theatre at the hour of the performance. These were addressed freely to members of the diplomatic corps, and when Secretary Gresham arrived at the State Department next morning it took him some time to get it into the heads of the irate diplomats, who had come to protest, that the whole thing was simply an advertising scheme.

THE FLOWER OF SLEEP.

BY W. W. LONG.

I love the red-lipped poppy, flower of sleep
Enchantment comes to him who breathes
The secret of its subtle, hidden life,
Where dwells the bloom that fancy weaves.

I love the red-lipped poppy, flower of sleep,
For I have twined it in my love's dark tresses;
And in the circle of her warm white arms
Drank deep of love's caresses.

OF EARTHWORMS.

There is one species of earthworm known to fishermen as the "brandling," which has a peculiar means of defence that does not appear to be at all common in the group. The brandling is very dark brown, with yellowish bands, and when irritated, it can exude a yellowish fluid.

This worm seems to be acceptable enough to certain fishes; but the truth of the proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison," is illustrated by the fact that it is not palatable to lizards. I have been informed that they either reject it with disgust, or, if they do taste it, are rewarded for their indiscretion by severe fits of illness. Now, this is a very curious fact; but it is paralleled elsewhere in the animal kingdom. Many brightly-colored animals—particularly among insects—have been found to be either disagreeable in their taste or positively dangerous to other animals which habitually feed upon their like.

And it is noteworthy that these unpalatable creatures have often the most markedly contrasted colors—that is, black and yellow; for example, the wasp and the hornet, the coral snake and the heloderm lizard (the Gila Monster). The theory has been advanced that the conspicuous colors have been developed in order to advertise their dangerous nature, or the unpalatable qualities of their flesh; so that they may escape such injuries as might be inflicted by an animal desirous of experimenting upon them as articles of food.

This "warning coloration" seems to say to the would-be aggressor: "Don't touch me; I'm poisonous." It confers a benefit at once upon the oppressor and the oppressed; rendering the one free from attacks, and warning the other that such attacks will probably be followed by serious consequences. It looks very much as if the brandling was another example of this same phenomenon.

A very important fact in the economy of earthworms is their susceptibility to salt water; they are for the most part soon killed by an immersion in salt water, and it appears that their eggs are also incapable of withstanding its influence for a prolonged period. However, the eggs are not deposited singly, but are enclosed in large numbers in an egg case of a leathery consistence, which may be, for a time at least, impermeable to sea-water.

It is therefore just conceivable that the cocoons might cross in safety a narrow sea enclosed in a ball of earth upon the roots of a floating tree. But it seems certain that a very long time does not elapse before the eggs in the cocoon are fatally injured by the sea-water. The only exception at present known is an earthworm which is found in heaps of cast-up sea-weed on the sea-shores of the Mediterranean and North Sea.

These facts are important, because they show that if we find the same species of earthworm in two countries now separated by the sea, there must have been originally a continuity of land; hence their value in relation to the problems of geology, which are rendered clearer by the geographical distribution of animals.

A striking instance of this is shown by comparing the earthworms of Europe and North America; by far the greater number of forms are common to the two continents, and geologists teach us that the American and Asiatic landmasses have probably only been separated in recent times. A bridge of land once occupied the space where now Behring Strait is, and this enabled the land inhabitants of both countries to commingle.

Although the importance of the group from this point of view seems to be obvious, it is curious that it has never been touched upon in text-books which deal with the subject of geographical distribution. This is perhaps partly due to the uncertainty of the data, which results from "man's interference."

Man has exercised, in some respects, a very injurious influence upon the fauna and flora of the world; the introduction of domestic animals has helped to destroy the indigenous inhabitants in many parts of the globe, particularly in oceanic islands; and the traffic between different countries has mixed up their respective faunas and floras in a way which is heartbreaking to the naturalist.

And in no group of animals has this been more felt than in that with which we are at present concerned; the introduction of plants has led to the accidental introduction of earthworms and such small fry. These cases, however, can generally be sifted out; and when we find in New Zealand four or five species which are characteristic of Europe and America, along with a number of others which appear to be confined to those islands, we are fairly justified in assuming that the former have been introduced through man's agency.

But after allowing for these instances, there are other problems of difficulty which await solution. Kerguelen and Marion Islands are "oceanic islands"—that is, they are not fragments of previously existing continents, but originated by volcanic agency. Although they are of old standing, it is very mysterious why there should occur on both of them the same species of earthworm. This form is, so far as we know, confined to those islands; but how did it get there, and from where? The floating-tree hypothesis will not do, for the reasons already stated. And it hardly seems likely that there was ever a brisk trade between South Africa—the nearest place where the genus occurs—and these islands in flower-roots!

Grains of Gold.

Growth in knowledge is the only cure for self-conceit.

A fool empties his head every time he opens his mouth.

Are you making any plans that reach beyond this life?

When you bid your sin goodby, don't shake hands with it.

Much bending breaks the bow; much unbending the mind.

Speak but little and well if you would be esteemed a man of merit.

There is nothing more beautiful on earth or in heaven than love.

Weakness on both sides is, as we know, the trait of all quarrels.

The best remedy for self-conceit is to be well introduced to yourself.

Be grateful for your blessings and it will make your trials look small.

It is much easier to be contented without riches than it is with them.

Don't talk much about yourself when you want to be listened to with profit.

People who are wrong in their thinking are sure to be wrong in their every-day life.

One reason why there are not more good boys, is because good fathers are so scarce.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.

The pedigree of honey does not concern the bee; a clover, any time to him, is aristocracy.

Many a man will open the front door for discontent who tries his best to keep burglars out of his house.

The man who does right only because he is paid for it, needs nothing but a raise of wages to become a rogue.

As men advance in life all passions resolve themselves into money. Love, ambition, even poetry, end in this.

Femininities.

"What makes you think that Stagers is short?" "Because his face is so long."

A bridegroom looks the first week of his marriage like a boy caught in a melon-patch.

To remove paint from any kind of cloth, saturate the spot with kerosene and rub well.

A child's eyes, those clear wells of undefiled thought, what on earth can be more beautiful?

Recreation is not the highest kind of enjoyment, but in its time and place is quite as proper as prayer.

Tom: "How old is your sister Mabel?" Ned: "Her count, do you mean, or family Bible record?"

To remove rust from flatirons, soak them in, or rub them with kerosene, and polish with scouring brick.

"Their courtship was full of romance, was it not?" "Very. Neither one of them told the other the truth."

The mother-in-law of the Mikado of Japan has recently been ill. She was attended by 423 physicians, but has rallied.

Tiny aluminum wires are inserted in the facings of round skirted walking dresses to give them the approved flare.

"Yes, my dear—whenever we have words, he behaves like a perfect savage." "How so?" "He makes for his club!"

Hurly: "I hate to see ladies standing in a street car." Burly: "So do I." Hurly: "I always carry a paper to read while on a street car."

"He that takes a wife takes care," says Franklin; but Jones says that Franklin is wrong—that he who takes care doesn't take a wife.

"Well, dear, what have you there?" "A letter from mamma." "Anything of importance?" "I don't know yet. I have not read the postscript."

Little finger rings set with solitaires are the rage. After the mysterious way of fashion the fad for little finger rings materialized and is now in full swing.

Ravens when on the wing spend much time striking each other, and often turn on their backs with a loud croak and seem to be falling to the ground. In fact, they are scratching themselves with one foot and have lost their centre of gravity.

Skirts of dove colored coating, gored on the front and sides, are worn under the long covert coats of dark wine-colored, Russian blue, deep green or dove gray cloth that are made with large-topped sleeves, and velvet cape-collar edged with fur.

One way of securing the required fluffy effect in the hair is to crimp it close to the roots. A single iron is used or a small double one. The hair is pinched near the head and the iron closed, that the length of the lock taken may be wound about it.

Mrs. Flora Kimball selected the trees and superintended the planting of them on seven miles of the streets of National City, Cal. She was requested to undertake the work by the Supervisor, who deemed her the most competent person for the place.

Miss Tucker, the popular writer, who was known by the initials A. L. O. E.—a Lady of England—and who died in Northern India recently, was buried, according to the native idea, without a coffin, the body being placed upon a slab of wood and lowered into the grave.

"Men are queer creatures, but kindness will win them." "How do you mean?" "Well, I tried to break John of smoking by objecting all the time to it. I found that did no good, and then I just bought cigars myself and brought them home to him, and he stopped right away."

A wise doctor, desiring to demonstrate the fatal nature of corsets, encased a number of monkeys in plaster of paris. The monkeys died. The lesson seems to be that corsets made of plaster of paris are not promotive of longevity, and thoughtful women will doubtless refrain from the use of this variety.

A Boston woman who visited New York and got a chemical company to treat her hair so as to eliminate a gray patch in her otherwise ebony tresses, is suing the company for damages. The gray patch was got rid of, but her whole head is now a pretty red, suggesting, it is said, a Naples sunset.

A Sunday-school teacher while explaining a chapter in Genesis to a class of boys asked: "Why did Ham laugh at his father Noah?" "Because Noah was drunk." "You would not laugh as your father if he were to come home drunk, would you?" "I never get much of a chance. He comes home so late that I am always asleep."

Mothers should encourage their daughters to do a few Swedish exercises every morning. The Princess of Wales insisted on her daughters practicing these for a quarter of an hour every morning after they jumped out of bed, even when the girls were living on board their father's yacht. Their figures are graceful, and although Princess Maud is very short, she is beautifully proportioned.

Masculinities.

One good way of getting out of a scrape is to let your beard grow.

A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the streams of the world.

A man breathes, on an average, 10,000 quarts of air a day, and talks about 100,000.

To lie about a man never hurts him, but to tell the truth about him sometimes does.

A woman while talking over a telephone at Dover, Delaware, recently, developed lockjaw.

Every husband hears a great deal about some other husband who lets his wife manage the money.

A vigorous young man expends enough energy in one football game to saw a whole cord of stove wood.

The 300 employes of the Chicago City Railway, including the President, were vaccinated the other day.

A club in Berlin, called the Giants, admits to membership only men who are over 6 feet in height.

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, after having discontinued cigar smoking for four years, has resumed the habit.

Toddles: "Papa, what's the reason that when I drop my ball it falls down, and if I drop my balloon it falls up."

The fortune of Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony, in Africa, is set at somewhere from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000—all made in the diamond mines of that country.

"A schoolmaster," according to an advertisement in the Kentish Mercury, England, "wishes to exchange his little daughter, aged 11, for a boy of similar age."

Professor W. S. Lytle, who began teaching in Venango county in 1839, and now has a school in Mercer county, is believed to be the oldest teacher in this State.

Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honor and a gentleman, and must take the place of pleasures, profits and all other private gratifications.

The Austrian poor law gives every man 60 years old the right to a pension equal to one-third of the amount per day which he had earned during his working years.

Russia pays no salary to the Czar, but as he has about a million square miles of farms, mines and other property, with an income of a million dollars a month, he manages to worry along.

Queen Victoria does not despise economy in small things. In sending telegrams to members of the royal family or intimate friends she uses a system of figure ciphers which has been prepared for her.

The six little German princes do not lead lives at all like those in the story books. They rise at 7, eat plain, regular meals, have hard lessons to learn and only simple sports, and go to bed at 8 in the evening.

Mrs. Antyitch, the wife of a German laborer, employed on A. J. Vickery's place, near Hartwell, Ga., is reported to have regained the use of her voice the other day after being dumb for about a dozen years.

A Portland woman got married recently. She had a job washing floors at the City Hall at the time, but applied to the janitor for 45 minutes' leave of absence. After the wedding she came back and went to work again.

Mrs. Stewart, 98 years old, is in a private almshouse in Glasgow. In 1822 she danced with George IV. at a ball in Holyrood Palace. Her uncle was the royal restaurateur in Edinburg, and procured an invitation for her.

In the old days Daniel Evans, of Wales, ordered a coffin for his wife, who was supposed to be dying. Then he got drunk. Next morning he was dead, and his wife, recovering, buried him in the coffin he had ordered for her.

A drummer tried a new scheme successfully in jumping his board bill at Hanford, Cal., a few days ago. Pretending that he could not open his valise, he feigned great excitement and threw it out of the window. He then went after it and never returned to the hotel.

The attendance of Mme. Ju, wife of the Chinese Minister, at a recent White House dinner, was the first time in the history of this Government—possibly the first in the history of any government—when a Chinese woman attended a function outside of her own house.

The blushing bride-elect was rehearsing the ceremony about to take place. "Of course, you will give me away, papa!" "I am afraid I have done it already, Caroline," replied the old man, nervously. "I told your Herbert this morning you had a disposition just like your mother's.

Mrs. Gregory, of Rondout, N. Y., who was recently butted by a vicious sheep that had been worried by a dog that had in turn been put out of doors by its master, has brought suit for damages against Mrs. Lasher, the owner of the sheep. Now Mrs. Lasher intends suing the owner of the dog that worried the sheep that butted Mrs. Gregory.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

For spring goods "in colors" we find cream, pink, pale and bright navy blue, reseda, all the brown shades, yellow, red, both clear and yellowish, or chrysanthemum and some touches of heliotrope.

Satin, or velvet ribbon, embroidery, point d'esprit and tight point d'Genes laces, black mohair braids, piece velvet and satin, are all appropriate trimmings for little ones. Their yokes or guimpes are yet made of nainsook, plain gingham, Japanese silk, surah or bengaline.

The length of the skirt always seems to be a stumbling block, but for the two past years the following scale has been adopted. Four years, bottom of skirt just at bend of the knees; six years, over the bend; eight years, to the garter line, where it used to be when children wore garters; ten years, an inch or two below; twelve years, a third of the distance between the knees and floor; fourteen years, three inches above shoe-tops; sixteen years, an inch above the tops. For two-year-olds well down to the top of the button shoes. This plan is also altered according to the height of the child.

Neat, plaid frocks are made up plainly with a circular or slightly gored full skirt, having a four-inch hem, leg-of mutton sleeves, and a bow, covered waist. Epaulette ruffles of the material edged with three rows of No. 1 black velvet ribbon. Full guimpe of colored or cream Japanese silk shirred in a ruffle at the neck.

A pale blue design on white is trimmed with a black belt and collar, the full vest being composed of blue chiffon, banded with narrow black ribbon. Circular bertha and basque piece edged with black silk purling, and a circular flounce from the knees down, trimmed with the purling and three rows of No. 5 black moire ribbon.

Black grounds will still be worn, but in the South and West light grounds are preferred for summer days. Black with violet, yellow or blue designs make up stylishly with a vest of colored chiffon or Japanese silk to match the color, and a belt and crush collar of satin or moire in black. Very serviceable gowns for mourning wear, or even for short jaunts, will be of black of medium grounds, trimmed with ruffles edged with narrow black ribbon, wider ribbon being used for a belt. The revers, epaulets, or whatever the corsage is trimmed with, should be edged with the ribbon and the vest should furnish the bit of bright color. Tan grounds are to be combined with black, and white lace will appear on some novel gowns of a black ground.

For afternoon wear and seaside wear the costliest satin effects in challie will be fashioned with white satin yokes overlaid with white lace; satin revers and vest and lace epaulets and ruffles; or lace insertion around the skirt and apron front, as this latter article seems inclined to stick like a burr now that it has the slightest footing.

For an elaborate, self-trimmed challie 15 yards are necessary, including the wide skirt and apron front. Challies will sell in every clime and for every age, and it does not require a prophet to discern this plainly.

Many young girls will be delighted with the dainty bows for the hair, which are so fashionable now. There are two styles especially popular. For the first, four bows of velvet ribbon are tightly tied with two upstanding ends of the same. Rose-colored velvet is the favorite, and when a tiny wing bow of white lace is introduced the effect is charming on brown hair. These can be worn with a rouleau of velvet or can be fastened in the hair with a fine steel crescent hairpin. The other popular bow really consists of four ends of crossway velvet arranged two on each side, with a tie in the centre. The outer ends are longer than the others, and are cut in vandykes. On orange, blue, or pink bows of this kind a narrow jet trimming is run on a little way within the edge.

Capes are natty and fetching little garments, and are made of every sort of material used for coats. The newest are in box shape with but slightly raised or wholly flat shoulders, and also in military form, modeled after an officer's cape. All have either rounded or butterfly collars. A very long cape, suitable for elderly women, is made in a very full circular style with standing Medici collar and a single cape collar covering the shoulders. Expensive capes are made with seal, otter, or mink fur yokes, with a narrow roll of the same at the edge of the garment.

Modistes tell us that just at present they make the sleeves of the gown first, then if there is material enough left they go on and finish the gown; if not, they select something or suggest something as strikingly in contrast with the sleeve fabric as is possible, and unite the two in a sometimes singular but not altogether displeasing union, always remembering that the sleeve is the "better half."

One of the most approved garnitures for simple woolen costumes is mohair braid. Skirts are scored with it, row upon row, and all the outlines of the bodice, jacket and that latest revival, the double skirt. It is generally of the ordinary twilled variety or le cote—i. e., woven in ribbed effects. A new variety of twilled braid is interwoven with faint or rich dark colored wool or silk threads, which in crossing each other form a diamond check.

Very stylish and dressy on both maid and matron are black velvet bodices, made with tops and huge sleeves of flowered satin, striped and dotted silk, fancy bengaline, moire or red and black changeable taffeta. Black satin striped with rose color, and brocaded with tiny buds and foliage, makes lovely sleeves and guimpe, also richly plaided madras silks and satins. The edges of the velvet corselet are finished with one row of glittering jet gimp.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Angel Cake.—Mix seven ounces of fine winter flour, one ounce of corn-starch, three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar and one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar together, and then sift them five times. Take one and a half pints of whites of eggs and beat them until stiff and smooth as possible. Your cake will be tough and leathery unless the whites are sufficiently firm to bear an egg, and the texture very firm and fine grained. Now stir in the sifted materials as lightly and quickly as possible, using for the purpose a wire spoon or egg-beater. Bake in an ungreased Turk's head, or, better still, a Van Deusen cake mould, in a moderate oven, 35 or 40 minutes. When done, take it from the oven, turn the bottom up, allowing the pan to rest on the tube to cool. When the cake is cold, pass a limber knife around the sides, shake lightly and the cake will drop out. Ice it with vanilla, orange or almond soft icing.

Cold Fillets of Chicken with Mayonnaise Sauce.—Fry some sippets of bread about 6 inches long by 2 inches broad, spread them with anchovy paste. Take the meat of a cold chicken (the legs will do as well as the white meat), form into fillets and lay each fillet on the toast. Have ready some thick mayonnaise sauce. Mask the fillets thickly with the sauce, and arrange them round mustard and cress, or, better still, dainty bunches of watercress. It is a great mistake to imagine that dishes made with mayonnaise sauce are costly. One or two eggs will make a large quantity of the sauce, and make many dry and tasteless dishes palatable.

To Cook Cabbage.—Cabbage is as delicate as cauliflower in the summer and fall if boiled in plenty of water, to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added, as fast as possible for 20 minutes or half an hour, then drained and dressed. In winter it should be cut in six or eight pieces, boiled fast, in plenty of water, for half an hour, no longer. Always give it plenty of room, let the water boil rapidly when you put it in the pot, which set on the hottest part of the fire to come to that point again, and you will have no more strong, rank, yellow stuff on your table, no bad odor in your house.

Canary Pudding.—Three eggs, the weight of the eggs in butter, the same in sugar, the weight of two eggs in flour, the rind of one small lemon. Melt the butter, and add to it the sugar and lemon-rind, then gradually stir in the flour; whisk the eggs, add them to the mixture; beat all the ingredients thoroughly together; pour into a buttered basin, and boil for two hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

Almond Cake.—One cupful butter, two cupfuls sugar, one cupful sweet milk, three and one half cupfuls flour, whites of eight eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda or two teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavored with almond. Bake in layers, spread each layer with soft frosting and sprinkle split blanched almonds on each layer.

To Clean Black Dresses.—An old and tried cleaning solution for black dresses is a handful of fig leaves boiled in a quart of water till only a pint is left. Dip a brush or bit of sponge in this and rub the spots and stains. Black cloth that is only dusty and generally grimy may be washed in soap bark water, drying without rinsing.

Hickory Nut Macaroons.—Make frosting as for cake and stir in enough pounded hickory nut meat, with mixed ground spice to taste, to make convenient to handle. Flour the hands and form the mixture into little fanciful shapes. Place on buttered tins, allowing room for the cakes to spread, and bake in a quick oven.

Pies.—The filling of pies should be perfectly cold when put into the crust to bake, or it will make the bottom crust heavy.

You can't make a new arm with Salvation Oil, but you can cure the bruises with it. 25c.

THE ROMANCE OF WASHING.

It is wonderful how every duty and necessity of every day life is surrounded with a halo of charm and legendary lore. Some things seem so simple and practical, that we imagine that nothing of a weird description can possibly be associated with them, yet in many instances the simpler the operation the greater the affinity it appears to have for things supernatural.

Off-hand, we should say that Washing cannot be invested with any romance; but old wives will tell us otherwise. Woe betide the person that dares to wash his or her hands in the same basin of water that has been or will be used by another individual! They will be sure to quarrel.

Or, again, if you wipe your hands upon the same towel and at the same time with another person, you and that person will at some period of your lifetime go begging.

The late Cuthbert Bede, however, tells us that he was informed in Rutlandshire that these dreadful things would not happen provided you first made the sign of the cross over the water.

Another curious thing, too, in connection with this is that the quarrel only supervened when a basin of water was used. You might wash together in a running stream as often as you pleased and no ill effect would come of it.

Washing the feet seems to be intimately connected with weddings. In the old Roman days the feet of the bride and bridegroom were washed after the ceremony had been performed. The custom of washing the bride's feet does not seem to have been so prevalent as that of washing the bridegroom's. Wood in his "Wedding-day in all Ages," only gives one instance of the former. He says: "Among the ancient Poles the bride walked three times round a fire, then sat down and washed her feet." He refers more frequently to washing the bridegroom's feet. In India the daughter of a Brahmin is dressed by her father in a festive dress, and washes the bridegroom's feet, the bride's mother pouring out the water for that purpose. In Malabar the bridegroom's feet are washed by a young relation; and in some parts of Java the bride, as a sign of her subjection, kneels and washes the feet of the bridegroom when he enters the house.

Somewhat analogous customs prevail amongst the agricultural classes of the east of Scotland. The actual ceremony is falling somewhat into desuetude, though the "feet-washing" is still the name given to an evening of hilarious enjoyment preceding the marriage by a day or two. The practice is common in the north of Scotland both in relation to bride and bridegroom.

Like every other occupation, washing has its unlucky days, days on which the cleansing operation must on no account be performed. In parts of Cornwall, it is held that no washing should be done on New year's Day; and not only this; but it is considered most unlucky to have any washing done in the house between Christmas Day and New year's Day, so that even towels are left unwashed. If any washing take place, it is feared that some one of the family will be washed out of life or an accident of a fatal nature happen before the close of the new year. Good Friday also was regarded as a most unlucky day on which to wash; the suds of any washing done on that day would, it was believed, be turned into blood.

Nor was any suds from the previous day's washing to remain till Good Friday morning, for fear it would also turn to blood.

In Tom Hood's time, steam laundries inaugurated by men first made their appearance, and many humorous verses he penned in the name of the distressed ladies of the wash-tub. It may not be entirely the fault of our sisters that they are invading the sphere of man's labor; they are only taking a leaf from our own books.

BEAUTY.—Beauty is not a luxury, as some seem to believe. It is not the exclusive privilege of the few, but the common heritage of the many. The rich cannot monopolize it; the cultured can lay no embargo upon it; persons of taste cannot appropriate it to themselves. There is in every human breast a sense of responsiveness to the beauty of the external world; and the difference is only in the degree to which that sense is developed and cultivated. The beads and trinkets in which the savage delights, the gay colors which attract the infant, the flower-pot in the window of the humblest cottage—all testify that the love of beauty is confined to no class, to no age, to no stage of civilization. It is a universal hunger, and its cravings demand satisfaction as urgently in the cabin as on the throne.

A DOG which can put out fire is a friend of the fire insurance companies. A sensible man has taught his dog, a water spaniel, to extinguish fire whenever it sees anything burning. To test the little dog, a piece of paper was ignited and dropped on the floor. In an instant the dog jumped upon it, and very quietly extinguished it by rubbing it with its paws. The dog was tried with a lighted cigar, with the same result.

The chief dependence of those liable to sudden colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

VIRGINIA BEACH,

Via Washington and Norfolk.

One of the most pleasant and destined to be the popular route from the East to Virginia Beach is via the famous Royal Blue Line and steamers of the Norfolk & Washington Steamboat Co.

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OVER SENSITIVENESS.—A great deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether anything you can do will have much connection with what they will say. And, besides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

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Recent Book Issues.

"The Third Part of the Book of the Fair" issued by the Bancroft Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill., has been issued and continues to maintain the high character of its predecessors. It is by far the most beautiful in all respects of the various publications put before the country, assuming to treat of the Columbian Exposition. The descriptive text as fully describes this great occasion as it is possible for language to do it, and the numerous pictures, photographed from the actual facts, perfect the picture. In paper, type and press-work it is as faultless as mechanical skill can make it. Price $1.00 per part.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Eclectic Magazine" for February has a varied and interesting table of contents. Among the principal articles we note: "The Origin and Evolution of Property in Land;" "Prof. Jowett;" "The Origin of Mankind;" "Education and Instruction," "Constantinople in 1893," by Max Muller; "Prof. Tyndall," by Prof. Huxley; "Nerves and Nervousness;" and others, and the usual departments of "Foreign Notes" and "Miscellany." Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth St., New York.

The contents of the February number of "Cassell's Family Magazine" are varied, entertaining and instructive. The two serials grow in interest, and there are three complete stories. "Modern Manchester," "Picturesque Ipswich," "Gardening in January," "As Other See Us," "Professions for Our Boys," "What to Wear," music, poetry, book gossip, etc., are other interesting articles. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

The secret of the great success of "The Cosmopolitan" is not so hard to find, if one looks carefully over the number for February. A story by Valdes, the famous Spanish novelist, the first from his pen to appear in any American magazine, is begun in this number. "A Rejected Manuscript," is charmingly illustrated. "The Meloban and the Pentheory" describes, after the manner of the Battle of Dorking, a possible sea fight. The poetry in this number by Sir Edwin Arnold, Graham R. Tomson and William Young, is unusually good. The Departments, "In the World of Art and Letters" and the "Progress of of Science" continue to have as contributors men famous in both continents. Published at New York.

A DROP OF RAIN.—Every drop that falls, bears unto the bosom of the earth a quality of beautiful fertility. The glorious tree, and herb, and shrub, and flower, owe to those drops their life, their freshness, and their beauty. Take but a single drop of rain cloistered in the green fold of a blade of grass and pour it upon one ray of the morning sun, where will you get a lapidary, with his utmost skill, to cut a diamond that shall shine like that. Blessed forever be the beautiful drops of the sky, the refreshing soothers of the seared earth—the nourishers of the flowers—that calm pellucid particle, though but a drop yet contains the ingredients which produce light and heat. They are all loveliness and tranquillity, without passion, or pain, or desire, or disappointment—whose life is beauty, and whose breath is perfume.

L. G. W.

EXACT.—John Ericsson had not only genius, but the "immense capacity for taking pains," which sometimes accompanies it. All his work was so exactly done that he could demand from workmen the most rigid observance of details in the drawings furnished for their guidance, without fear that they might go astray.

When the steamer Columbia was built, its engines were put in according to his designs. It was customary at that time to get the length of the piston-rod from the engine itself, and a man was one day engaged in measuring it with a long baton. Captain Ericsson chanced to go on board at that moment, and, going up to the workman, he called:

"What are you doing there, sir?"

"Getting the length of the piston-rod, sir."

"Is it not on the drawing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you come here with sticks? Go and get the length from the drawing, sir! I do not want you to bring sticks when the drawing gives the size."

At another time a workman was endeavoring to put in the engines of a steamship, and found great difficulty with a small connection which is described as being "crooked as a dog's hind-leg." Finally he went to Ericsson, and informed him that the rod could not be put in place.

"Is it right by the drawing?" was his query.

"Yes, sir."

"Then it will go in." And, on another trial, it did. The master-brain had left nothing to be supplied by the ingenuity of others.

AN ANCIENT LOCK.—The "European Trade Mail" says that an Egyptian lock has been found which was in use more than four thousand years ago. The old Egyptian lock was not made of metal, like those we use nowadays, but of wood, and the key that opened it was wooden too. On one side of the door to which it was fastened there was a staple, and into this staple fitted a wooden bolt that was fixed to the door itself. When this bolt was pushed into the staple as far as it would go, three pins in the upper part of the staple dropped into the holes in the bolt and held it in its place, so that it could not be moved back again until the pins were lifted. The key was a straight piece of wood, at the end of which were three pegs the same distance apart as the pins which held the bolt firm. When the key was pushed into the bolt through a hole made to receive it, the pegs came into such a position that they were able to lift the pins that fixed the bolt, and when these were lifted, the bolt could be lifted out of the staple. The most modern lock works on a similar principle.

FRISCO'S LITTLE GAMES.—"San Francisco people love strangers, and they sometimes take 'em in. One of 'em loved me," writes an emigrant. "I stepped into a gorgeous saloon—of course only to get a light. There was a baker's dozen of nice fellows in there. One of 'em spoke. 'Just in time,' says he. 'For what?' says I. 'Penny under the heel,' says he. 'All right,' says I. 'Take a hand?' says he. 'I will,' says I. Then he said the way to play it was to put on heel a penny laid on the floor, then reach forward with a piece of chalk, and mark on the floor, as far as possible from the toe, and the one whose mark proved to be nearest to the toe was stuck for drinks. It's a lovely game! I marked, then another fellow marked, and then another fellow marked, and in reaching forward lifted his heel from the penny; then a cuss behind him, quick as a flash, picked up the penny, and gave me a sly wink; then he said, 'Your heel ain't on the penny.' 'It is,' said he. 'I ain't,' says I. 'Drinks that it is!' says. 'Done!' says I. I found I was done. That fellow hauled off his shoe, and shook out another penny. They sell champagne by the 'drink' here, at two 'bits' a glass. They had some, and I disbursed 3 dollars 25 in coin. This chap then came over, and said, 'I'll give you a chance to get even.' 'How?' says I. 'Odd or even,' says he. 'All rights,' says I. Then he made a 6 on a piece of paper, and held it so that I could see it; then, 'Odd or even?' 'Even, says I. 'You're stuck,' says he, and turned that 6 upside down, and it was 9. I murmured just a little. I told him it was hardly fair to ask if I wanted to get even and then show me odd. He said it did look odd."

NAPOLEON.—The following is a copy of the certificate given to the great Napoleon on leaving school. It was handed to him for presentation to the King of France by the inspector of the College of Brienne: "M. de Bonaparte (Napoleon)—born on the 15th of August, 1769; height, five feet six and a half—has finished his fourth degree. Of good constitution, excellent health; a character docile, frank, grateful, and strictly regular in conduct. Has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics. He is tolerably conversant with history and geography; rather deficient in polite accomplishments as well as Latin, having only finished his fourth course. Would make an excellent marine. Deserves to pass to the school at Paris."

MORE RELATIONS.—The latest of our discovered relatives are the bats. The most curious of all nocturnal insect-hunters are the leathery-winged bats, which may be regarded, practically speaking, as very tiny monkeys, highly specialized for their task of catching flies and midges.

Few people know how nearly they are related to us. They belong to the self-same division of the higher mammals as man and the apes; their skeleton answers to ours, bone for bone, and joint for joint, in an extraordinary manner; only the unessential fact that they have very long fingers with a web between, as an organ of flight, prevents us from instantly recognizing them as remote cousins once removed from the gorilla.

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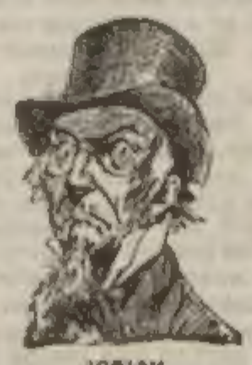
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(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

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CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

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Humorous.

THE FISH WE NEVER LAND.

Our lives are like a river, flowing on from
day to day,
In which we fish for fortune and for fame;
And while success in some degree is sure to
come our way,
We're never quite contented with the game

We bait our hooks with caution and we cast
them in the stream,
And fondly think to make a mighty haul;
Yet seldom do we win the prize of which we
always dream—
The fish we catch are certain to be small.

Life's anglers everywhere will show, who pa-
tiently have toiled,
A lot of little minnows in their sack;
And each will sadly tell how his brightest
hopes were foiled,
And the largest fishes always tumbled back.

—U. N. Nosh.

Usually on hand—Gloves.

Always in use—The letter "s."

A matter of course—A horse race.

Sound undertaking—Getting up a concert.

The most difficult ascent—Getting up a subscription.

Why does charity begin at home?—Much of it is too weak to get out.

When does a man's right leg become his left leg?—When the other is cut off.

The best friends of sauce-makers—Those who eat their meals with a relish.

Blobbs: "I've got a bad cough; what would you take for it?" Slobbs: "I wouldn't take it as a gift."

The latest slang phrase, which takes the place of "You're not in it," is "You're around the corner."

It takes three barleycorns to make one inch, but it only takes one of the ordinary kind to make one swear.

A close landlord uptown raised the rent on one of his houses because the walls had bulged out, and therefore made the house larger.

George: "Chapley is one of those fellows who have more money than brains, isn't he?" Jessie: "Yes; and he's not rich, either."

Missionary: "I have often wondered what became of my predecessor?" Genial Cannibal Chief: "Oh, he! He has gone into the interior."

The difference between the wealthy idler and the leader of an orchestra is that the former's sole ambition is to kill time, while the latter simply beats it.

Mrs. Su Burban: "You need not mind Towser. His bark is worse than his bite."
Mr. Townley, who has just been bitten: "Great Scott! I hope he won't bark!"

Freddie: "Ma, didn't the missionary say the savages didn't wear any clothes?" Mother: "Yes, my boy." Freddie: "Then why did pa put a button in the missionary box?"

Says a philosopher: "In the economy of Nature nothing is lost. The inside of an orange may refresh one man, while the outside of the same fruit may serve as a medium for breaking another man's leg."

He: "I like the room, and, perhaps, I'll hire it, but I hope no one in the house plays the piano?" Landlady: "Only my youngest daughter, and she's only just beginning."

Teacher: "What is the feminine of man, Thomas?"
Thomas: "Woman."
Teacher: "And the femininoof gentleman?"
Thomas, unhesitatingly: "Dude."

"You haven't another cigar like the one you gave me the other day, have you?"
"Yes; here's one."
"Thanks, old man! I'm trying to break my boy of smoking."

The way for a young lawyer to advertise: "Yesterday there were left in my office eighteen umbrellas. The highly-respected owners are requested to call and receive their property between 4 and 6 o'clock."

Do evil that good may come. Stagger: "What's this I hear about your getting a job on a Prohibition newspaper?"
Jagger: "That's what I've got, and it's a snap, too. I have to go around after hours and get drinks at all the saloons that are open unlawfully."

Husband: "Did you see me kiss my hand to you this morning after I had left the house?" Wife: "Why, John, I wasn't near the window then." Husband: "I wonder who it was?" Wife: "I don't know; but the servant girl told me this morning she guessed she would try it for another week."

They were arguing about the sinful use of tobacco. "What would you think," said the minister, impressively, "if you met an angel coming down the street with a cigar in his mouth?" "What," retorted the sinner, "would you think if you saw one in a plug hat and a pair of ear-muffs coming up the street?"

TESTED BY WATER.—In Siam, when there is a question at law between two parties, and a scarcity of witnesses to establish the truth in the case, it is customary to resort to the water test. Both parties are required to dive simultaneously into deep water, and the one that stays the longest under is adjudged the truth teller, and gets the verdict.

It is said that there is a merchant in Bangkok who is fond of litigation, but is rather too old to undergo the water test successfully, to say nothing of the fact that he cannot swim a stroke. He was so frequently worsted in the courts that he took his son and placed him under the tuition of the most expert swimmer and diver in the kingdom. In due course the young man became exceedingly adept, and was then made a member of the firm.

Now, whenever there is a case to be tried, this young fellow is the representative of the house. The firm often leaves the court dripping with water, but always "without a stain on its character."

THE EMPRESS'S OTHER HALF.—When the German Emperor was last in England, and order was sent to a well-known firm of modellers in London for a model to be made of the Empress's figure, with movable arms complete, the upper part to be made of papier mache, the lower part below the waist like a telescope of wire frame-work. This unique facsimile of her Majesty is to be used as a substitute on all occasions when the Empress cannot be personally present. For instance, all dresses are to be tried on their second self. When they are sent from the dressmaker finished, her Majesty will inspect and criticise them from every point of view, and pronounce on its suitability to her figure, and so on—in fact, see her dresses as others see them. This double is also to be used for decorating evening dresses with flowers, etc., and taking creases out of trunk-crushed gowns. The model is made like a telescope, one part to fold inside the other, so as to take up little more space when traveling than a bonnet box.

CHILD OR CAT?—The deceitful accessories of mendicants are very numerous. A woman not long back sat at a selected spot with apparently a screaming child in her arms.

The noise sometimes was piercing.

"Poor little one! nearly starved, I suspect," said one and another of the passers-by; and they gave the supposed mother a trifle in most cases. She must have reaped a fine harvest while it lasted. But there was a policeman who had his doubts. Probably he was a family man with some knowledge of the true notes of an unfed infant. It occurred to him that these were exceptionally shrill.

"Just take that shawl off, will you," he said.

The woman obeyed with dislike, anger and anxiety. Instead of a wailing and half suffocated boy or girl, a fine Angora cat was displayed for the edification of a little crowd.

MARRIAGE.—A St. Louis physician is querying to know why marriage ceremonies should not be performed by doctors of medicine, instead of having the authority lodged in the hands of doctors of divinity and other ministers. He thinks it would be a good thing for this country if the doctors were given the power and exercised it properly. "If I had my way," he said, "no two persons should be united for life unless they had good, strong and sound physical make-ups. Then I would never marry two blondes, but would always require a blonde to secure a brunette for a partner. If this were done we should become more beautiful as a race, and stronger and longer lived."

WELL-KNOWN MAKERS of gas appliances, have just introduced a new process to supersede the use of Berlin black and black lead for protecting the cast-iron portions of their manufacture. The casting is coated with a film of enamel, which is so thin that even the finest details of the metal are preserved. This enamel is said to be absolutely proof against rust, and preserves its qualities at any temperature up to a bright red heat. All colors are obtainable, including gold and silver, bright or dull, and as many as are wished can be produced on one casting. The process, therefore, offers great facilities for decorative work of all kinds, and its protective qualities should insure it a wide field of usefulness.

THE CZAR.—Another story of the great strength of the Czar of Russia is told. While on a return journey to St. Petersburg a few days ago the train bearing the Czar and Czarina stopped at a small station to allow the imperial party to take luncheon. The daughter of the Mayor of the village presented a bouquet of flowers to the Empress, but forgot to dry the stems. The Empress, not wishing to soil her white gloves, hesitated a moment about taking the flowers, and the situation became embarrassing. The Czar, however, saw a heavy pewter plate on the table, picked it up, twisted it into a holder, placed the bouquet in it and handed it to his wife. The Czar is said to be one of the strongest men in Europe.

FAIR VISITOR: "Why do they call the sailors tars, lieutenant?" Lieutenant: "Because they pitch into the enemy."

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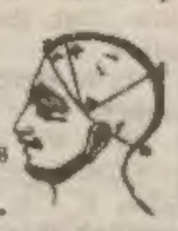

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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour trains), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m. (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (4.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (4.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

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